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Vol. CXLV No. 1897 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 30 1936

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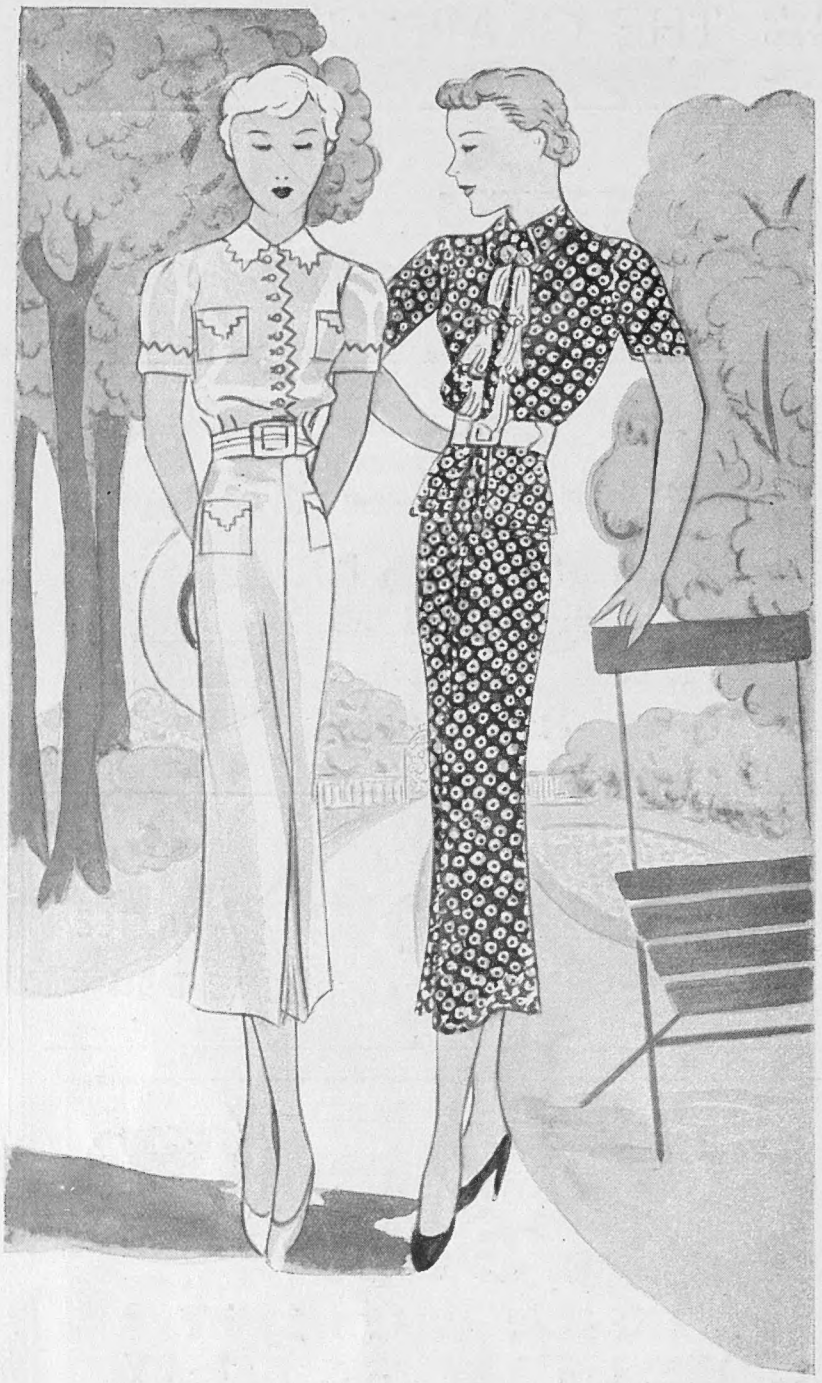

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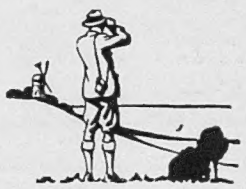

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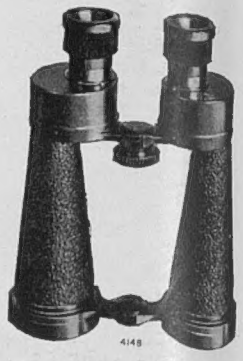

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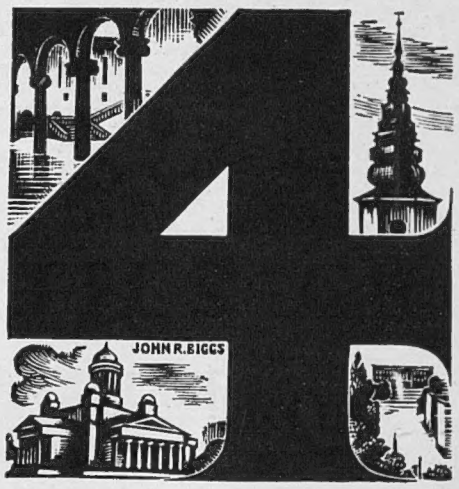

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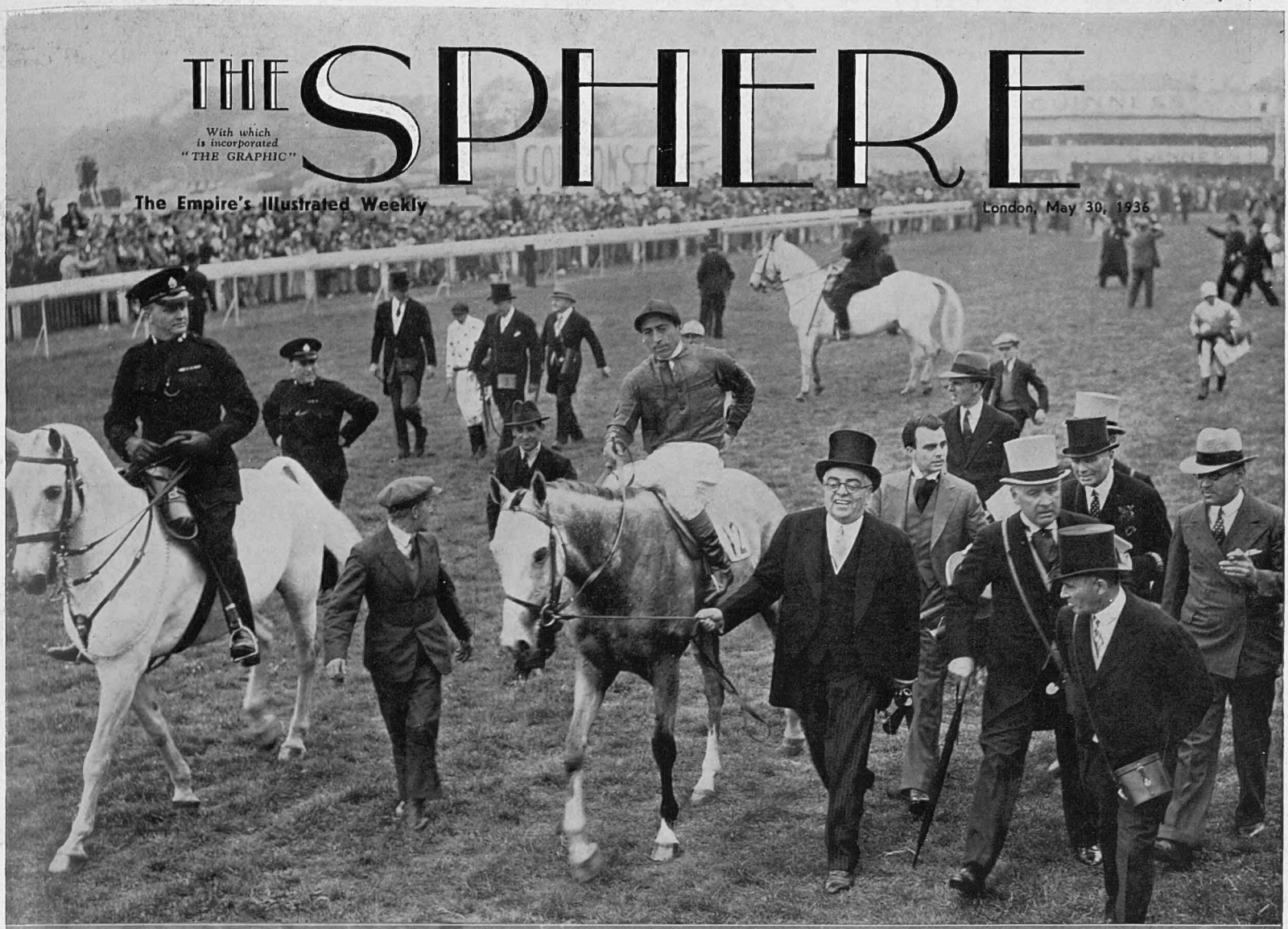

The Aga Khan's Derby Double

The Famous Indian Owner Leading in the Winner (top) and an Impression of the Field After Travelling Three Furlongs with Carioca in Front

For many years to come the public will have cause to remember the Derby of 1936, in its result if not in its running one of the most sensational in the history of the race. In 1930 the Aga Khan's Blenheim, an 18—1 chance, beat the same owner's more fancied candidate Rustom Pasha, and on Wednesday last history was repeated when Mahmoud, the son of Blenheim, with Smirke in the saddle, romped home in record time in front of Taj Akbar, his better backed stable companion, in so doing also achieving the distinction of being the first grey to win the blue riband of the turf since Mr. W. Raphael's Tagalie scored in 1912, twenty-four years ago. Thus with first and second the finish was a veritable triumph for the Aga Khan, most lavish of turf patrons, who has now won the race two years in succession, and for his trainer, Frank Butters. Thousands, however, were disappointed that Pay Up, winner of the 2,000 Guineas and the popular fancy, failed to break Lord Astor's run of wretched luck in this the most coveted of the classics. This owner has had four seconds, a third, and now a fourth; but time and time again has been foiled in the attempt to achieve one of his life's ambitions

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EMPIRE DAY CROWDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Part of the large throng that came to watch the changing of the guard last Sunday. At neighbouring Wellington Barracks some five hundred members of the Grenadier Guards Comrades' Association attended a special service

ROYAL REVIEW: The King, accompanied by his great uncle, the Du of Connaught, inspecting the 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards at W lington Barracks, St. James's Park where, with this unit, he himself se many hours as a young officer during the early days of the war. T inspection was the ninth His Majesty had carried out since February when he became Colonel-in-Chief of all regiments in the Guards Bri

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, May 27, 1936.

HOT WORK FOR THE DOG-DAYS.—The British Cabinet has been spending the first burst of summer in a review of past failures in international politics and a discussion of our future policy in European disputes and towards the League. Hot and hectic work. For the shadows of coming crises darken the way, and it is fair to say that there is hardly a decision on half-a-dozen vital issues on which the Government can agree which may not shock or antagonise an honest section of the British public. For the fact is this: the Government with the bitter experience of practical politics, and grim, stark facts, is compelled to put expediency before ideals. The honest Briton, in the freedom of theory, cannot stomach compromise with honour, justice, decency, and good faith. Are we, after all, to follow France once more and "recognise Italy's conquest of Abyssinia," which daily grows more severe? Are we, in short, for expediency to go round to the back door and furtively grasp the aggressor's hand? It don't sound pretty. Are we, having stood for the continuation of sanctions and said so, to change our minds and recognise the wisdom of the view of Sir Austen and others that their continuance can now do no good (having never done any good), and will at best "keep a mournful feud alive which else had died"? And having grasped the aggressor's hand, how are we to treat her? And how, incidentally, will she suffer us to treat her and how respond?

FEARFUL PROBLEMS.—And, before the huge question of how we should press, and in what direction, for the reform of the League, are we to skip back, temporarily at least, into the bad old diplomacy, the balance of power, a system of defensive alliances, and to achieve it under the sacred name of the League? What a poisonous suggestion it sounds (on paper and to the theorist, of course). "It is felt that regional pacts should be concluded between groups of States whose *vital interests* would lead them at once to *apply military sanctions against an aggressor.* These pacts would be a *recognised and integral part of the League system.*" Mine the italics. Europe's the quandary. If you read the italicised words into the ideals of the League Covenant ("italicised"—*mot juste*), you grasp suddenly the fearful pass into which Decency, Honour, even Sense of Humour, have been driven by Fear and Self-Interest and Vacillation. These are but a few of the problems to which Mr. Baldwin and his Cabinet are bending their minds in the dog-days. I don't envy those of them who care for their reputations and take pride in the history of our race. Mr. Baldwin, an honest Englishman who loves his country, has often said that no sane man could envy him his job to-day. A madman may pine for a taste of the rack. Assuredly, Mr. Baldwin is stretched taut on it to-day. For what is the naked truth which exists behind the draperies of high-sounding platitude and prevarication? War is recognised to-day by the democracies of the world—that is, by any surviving free nations—as the most bestial, foul, and futile form of madness, and these democracies will by no means be led to the slaughter to defend the highest ideals—honour, the pledged word of governments, justice, and the punishment of brutal aggression. Nothing will drive them to the charnel house but that final manifestation of self-interest, the defence of their own homes against unprovoked assault. Mr. Baldwin, who understands our form of democracy, knows this and, knowing it, he has somehow to adjust his policy and condition his pledges in regard to the League (whose ultimate sanction must always be collective force of arms) in the light of that knowledge. It is not easy thus to give satisfaction, it is not a pleasant job. I doubt if it is a job within the compass of a superman. Mr. Baldwin last week announced very roundly that he refused to be worried by the "gnats" of criticism which rose from every ditch and gutter. Never the less, being what he is, he cannot but take note of the "camel" of moral indignation which stalks the country. For, compelled to the paths of expediency by the dangers which surround us in our unprotected state, and in Europe's unwillingness to co-operate, he carries on his back the camel's back-breaking load.

THE CORINTHIAN AND HIS LADY: Arriving at Claridge's for a rehearsal of the Epsom Race Ball which was held last Tuesday night and for which members of the committee and their friends dressed themselves to represent characters in Frith's noted National Gallery picture "Derby Day"

THE CHANCELLOR'S WARNING.—We are not only becoming big-ship minded (thanks to the immense publicity accorded the inevitable for years still to come, the danger mark is already reached. It is high time that this bigmindedness was curtailed. Our extravagance is of course nothing to that of the Roosevelt administration, but the complacent attitude of some of the leading British newspapers towards the New Deal is proof positive of our own inflated notions of what a Government may legitimately spend in excess of its visible resources. A very able and well-informed business man in America who regularly reads two British newspapers of the highest standing calls my attention to their complacent belief in the excellence of Mr. Roosevelt's policy. He says "I have read these papers for a number of years, and do not remember ever before having seen in them any enthusiasm for an increase in the public debt in peace time in Great Britain nor for large Governmental deficits. In fact, I distinctly remember they were strongly against it. Our debt in three-and-a-half years has increased from $27,000,000,000·00 to $36,000,000,000·00 and the present deficit a year is now $6,000,000,000·00." Perhaps it is a sight of these breath-taking figures, expressed in dollars, which makes British organs view with comparative complacency our little, ever-increasing bill. I do not share that complacency. I believe Mr. Chamberlain's long experience dictated his grave note of

Queen Mary), we are definitely become big-expenditure minded. Mr. Chamberlain, at least, indicated last week his great anxiety at the official and even public light-heartedness with which vast expenditure (by no means only on armaments) is nowadays accepted and embarked on. He warned the House that expenditure was expanding at an alarming rate and that the process could not go on indefinitely. Indeed, taxation, having long been at an "undesirable" level (undesirable for a Chancellor as well as for a taxpayer), and this evil being

warning by no means too soon. It is time that we in England began to curtail the expansion and inflation of our minds. We think lightly in millions where our fathers worried over thousands and we have not either the material resources or the established future which justifies that luxury of thought. It remains, of course, to say, apropos of the strong opposition to Mr. Roosevelt from business men and interests all over the States, that this very opposition is the greatest stimulus for increasing the power of support from other interests for the New Deal.

LORDS REFORM AGAIN.

—Lord Salisbury is to try once more to press on the indifferent Mr. Baldwin the need for Lords Reform. It is surely far-sighted statesmanship not to drop this reform which—overshadowed by the political and economic troubles of our day and by the existence of a National Government with still a potential majority which laughs at opposition—may one day—any day—come back as a measure of vital importance to the Constitution. It is odd how our Premiers have belittled the question's import—usually of course deliberately, because they have realised how highly contentious in Parliament the measure is. But Lord Salisbury's Reform Bill got a second reading in the Upper House by a very substantial majority only two years back. It was a thoroughly sane compromise. His new House was to preserve what was best in the hereditary system by reserving 150 seats for peers elected by peers. There are quite 150 peers who are still worth having in such a house, representing the highest experience and the best brains in the country. For the rest, 150 more members would be chosen by resolution of both Houses, and these also would be sound and representative councillors. Five bishops and the judicial peers would complete a workable and thoroughly efficient and not entirely undemocratic House. It does seem madness not to grasp the possible party nettles and get to grips with the problem. Madness, to let so notable and sound an estate of the realm and feature of our fine constitution go to blazes by continuing the farce of emasculated revision by a House predominatingly composed of men who have no sort of qualification beyond, or sometimes equal to, that of men daily chosen to sit on common juries; by a body notoriously composed, in a not inconsiderable proportion, of men not well fitted to run their own affairs or to lend dignity, sense, or judgment to a parochial conference.

TERRITORIALS—THE TWO VOICES.

—The other day I made mention of the encouragement promised to Territorial recruiting by the guarantee of the Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers in regard to camps and parades. Last week Mr. Duff Cooper spoke in even more unequivocal terms of his determination at long last to end that "neglect" under which the second line—the first line to-day—of defence has so long "carried on." Such words are brave words, if we study the history of the Territorial force; for time and again such promises have proved pie-crust. And on the very day that Mr. Duff Cooper's words were reported, Mr. Bull asked in Parliament whether the Secretary of State's attention had been drawn to the decision of a London Borough Council to withdraw the week's pay hitherto granted to employés attending Territorial Camps. Sir V. Warrender: "My Right Hon. friend's attention has been drawn to the decision, but he regrets he is unable to take any action in the matter." Who indeed would be a Minister of State, whose every word, whose every high-sounding promise, is made a balderdash as soon as it is spoken?

EPSOM CAMEO: A young gypsy and his father's foal pictured last Sunday when the Romany folk gathered on the Downs in readiness for the Derby

THE "QUEEN MARY."

The *Queen Mary* has sailed. She has started at last on her normal commercial career. The last notables have visited her and quartered every tier of her immense acreage. The kings depart and the captains take their regular places on the bridge. The last and final "*Queen Mary* supplements" are surely published and perused. If ever a great undertaking was well served by publicity, surely the *Queen Mary* will remain for some years the *locus classicus*. Is it possible to kill by kindness? Is it worth asking whether publicity carried to extremes can kill the interest it has created? Do Englishmen to-day sometimes "kill the thing they love"? My voice—the voice in the wilderness—trails away to a whisper in the middle of that impious suggestion. The great ship threshes the Atlantic, bearing our hopes and dreams of commercial supremacy. Perhaps we shall build bigger ships; perhaps not. We shall, I trust, never build bigger propaganda schemes. We have done our best for the *Queen Mary* according to our lights. Now she sails and succeeds on her merits and by favour of Neptune and public fancy.

THE LEAKAGE REPORT.—

The report on Budget (alleged) leakage will be published as a White Paper as soon as it is received by the Home Secretary and presented by him to Parliament. It will, of course, be also considered at a meeting of the Cabinet. But that is unlikely to be the end of it whatever the findings. It is not surprising that the Socialists should demand a debate on it, and there is hardly an individual or a section of political thought that will not welcome a debate on it. Ever since the Marconi enquiry, the public has most anxiously and jealously scrutinised any rumours concerning the private conduct of men in public life. Rumour and gossip concerning men highly placed in political and business life ran through the late investigation, and though the findings may well be negative, or completely clear all persons whose names have been dragged through the enquiry, there could be no general satisfaction unless and until all remaining steam had been blown off and all remaining doubts set at rest by a debate in Parliament. For in this country (thank heaven) we still insist that men in public life shall so conduct themselves in private that the gossip of the ignorant and uninformed shall fall as barren seed on every ear when it touches the names of such public men. No lower standard of private conduct will do for those whom we entrust with the direction of our Government. Before the Committee had entered on the stage of considering their findings, Mr. J. H. Thomas tendered his resignation to the Premier. He had considered doing so—as he told the Committee of investigation—the first moment he heard that his name had been mentioned in connection with the alleged leakage. His motive in so doing was to save the Government from embarrassment, and he was only dissuaded at the time by the entreaties of his friends who considered that it might prejudice his position, at least in the public mind, during the investigation. The investigation being over, though still sub judice, Mr. Thomas no doubt returned to, and has acted on, his very proper motive—namely to relieve the Government of embarrassment until the Committee's findings are made known.

* * *

The Government is, it is expected, to be reshuffled during the Whitsun Recess. Mr. Thomas' place has to be filled, and if no outside Big-Wig is drafted in, and if the need for "party balance" is not considered of pre-eminent importance, Mr. Ormsby-Gore is likely to fill it. He has had a wide experience of Colonial administration during his period in the post of Under-secretary and he has travelled widely over the Empire.

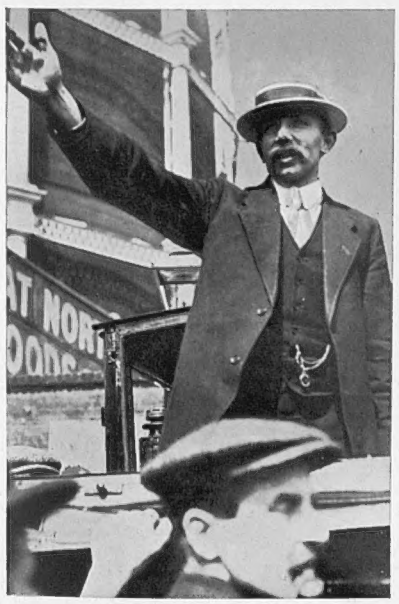
EVEREST.

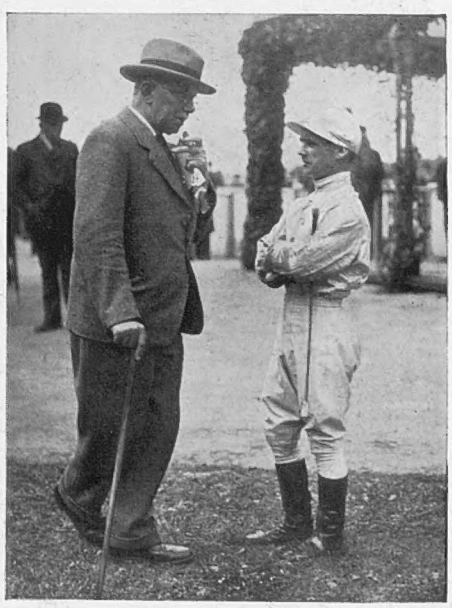
—Everest is fighting (with all the desperation of the Abyssinians in the late war) to hold inviolable the last stronghold. If she succeeds she will probably be left in peace with her summit intact for some years to come. She has summoned the monsoons and they have answered her call. The monsoon broke in Ceylon before May 19, and if it advance at normal speed it should reach Everest before June 10. The Everest party heard this news at Camp 3, whither the pioneers had been driven back from Camp 4, established at 23,000 ft. on May 14. Later, the snow drove the expedition back to No. 1. It is a set-back, but not yet a fatal one. Shipton's odds of 50–1 against success in any given year have perhaps lengthened a shade.

THE GREY SQUIRREL.—

Apropos of the evergreen controversy concerning the introduction into England of the grey squirrel, I found a reference to it last week in a privately printed journal of a young man who acted as secretary to Lord Castlereagh during the Congress of Vienna in 1814. Passing through Paris, he went to the Jardin des Plantes and writes: "There is a great variety of squirrels; the specimen of the grey one is not by any means so handsome as the one there is at Walcot." Walcot was Lord Powis' house in Shropshire. Whether the specimen there was alive or stuffed, is not clear. It was presumably the Siberian type now too common all over England and it seems at least to have been known of in the Midlands 120 years ago, and to have been kept in captivity in Paris as long ago as that.

THE OLD STAGER

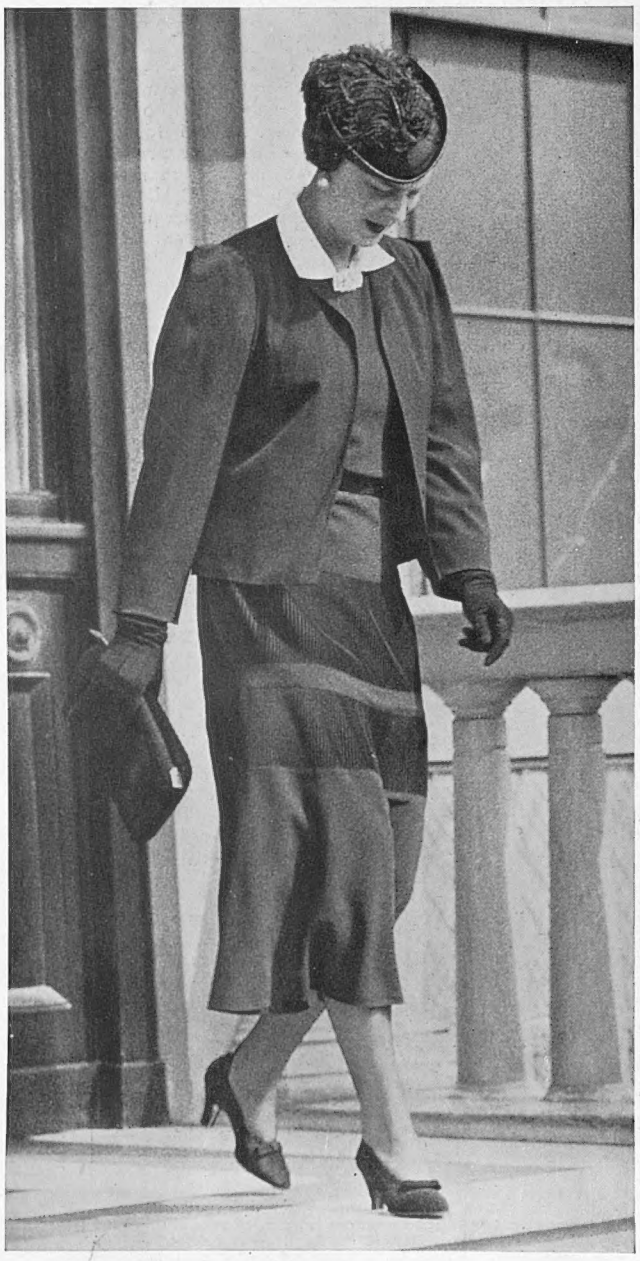




A CAREER IN RETROSPECT: Three characteristic studies of Mr. J. H. Thomas who last week tendered his resignation as Colonial Secretary as a result of the publicity in which he was involved during the recent inquiry into the leakage of Budget secrets. *Left*—Speaking to railway strikers in York Road, King's Cross, in August, 1911 when he was President of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. *Centre*—Shaking hands with the driver of an express before the train left Paddington on a record-breaking run in 1935. A reminder of the early days when he himself worked on the footplate. *Right*—Chatting with Gordon Richards in the paddock at Gatwick. He has always been a keen racegoer. Mr. Thomas was born at Newport, Monmouthshire, in 1874, and during his years on the G.W.R. became an active trade unionist and one of the leaders of the movement. He entered Parliament as member for Derby in 1910, a constituency which he still represents, and became Colonial Secretary in 1924 when Mr. MacDonald formed the first Labour Government. When the National Government came into being in 1931, it will be remembered, he broke away from his colleagues and became Dominions Secretary in the new administration, holding that office until 1935

ROYAL OCCASIONS

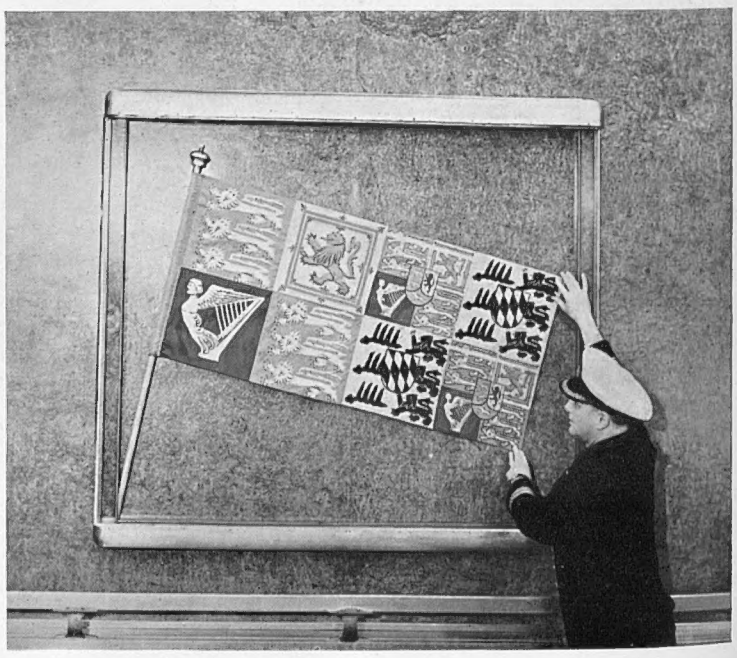
THE KING'S FIRST STATE DRIVE OF THE REIGN: His Majesty, who wore the scarlet and gold uniform of a Field Marshal, a rank to which he was promoted on his Accession, riding in his gilded coach from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace where he held a levee last Tuesday—an occasion that coincided with Queen Mary's sixty-ninth birthday. Large crowds thronged the Mall to greet him, and as the procession passed on its way the people broke across the road. *Right*—Captain Arthur Goring and Lieutenant G. A. Hamilton, D.S.O., who were among the company presented at the levee



ARBITER OF FASHION: The Duchess of Kent, wearing a new style hat, outside her home in Belgrave Square when leaving to join the Royal party which toured the *Queen Mary*

THE VISIT TO THE "QUEEN MARY": Princess Elizabeth, who accompanied her grandmother, her mother and father, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and the Duchess of Gloucester, bidding goodbye to the crowds on leaving Southampton after a five-hour tour of the giant Cunard White Star liner. The King joined the Royal party at the quayside after flying in his private 'plane from Windsor

On right—A GIFT TO HER NAMESAKE: The Queen's personal standard, which she has presented to the liner *Queen Mary*, seen in its place of honour on the Grand Staircase. The standard is of silk, having a length of 3ft. and a width of 1½ ft., and bears both the Royal arms and Her Majesty's personal arms. It is a miniature of the flag flown at Buckingham Palace whenever the Queen is in residence alone



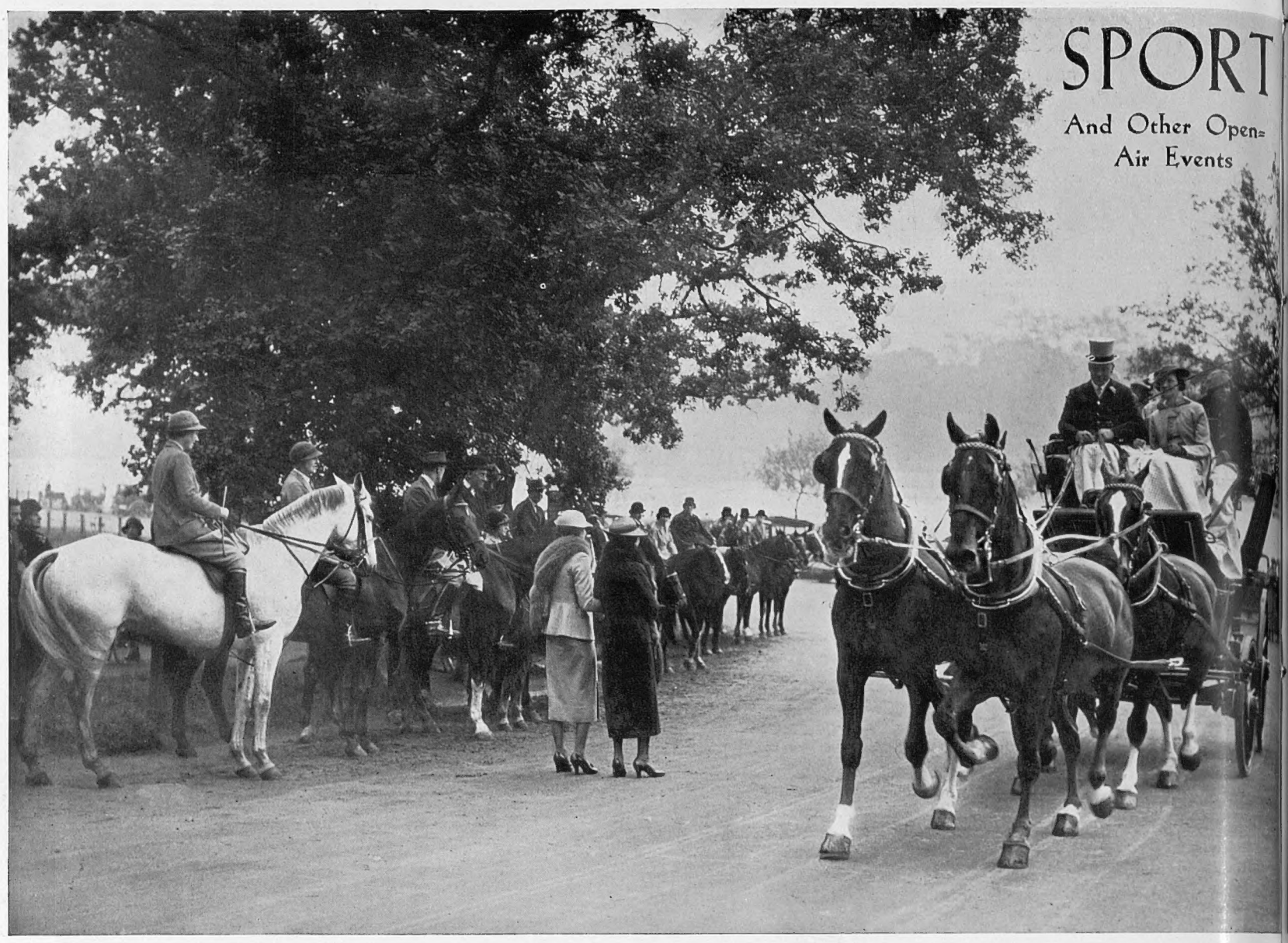
"QUEEN MARY" SAILS ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE

The 80,000-ton Giant, "The Stateliest Ship in Being," Leaves Southampton for New York

With her decks crowded with passengers, her masts gay with flags, multitudes of people thronging the quayside and its vicinity, aeroplanes roaring overhead, and pleasure steamers, yachts, and a host of small craft acting as grandstands in the harbour, the *Queen Mary*, pride of the British Merchant Navy and, in the words of King George, "the stateliest ship in being," set sail from Southampton last Wednesday afternoon on her maiden voyage to New York. It was a truly inspiring sight, and as the 80,000-ton vessel gradually drew away from her berth in the Ocean Dock the ringing cheers must have been heard for miles around. It was estimated that more than 250,000 people were there, at least 5,000 of whom had arrived by special trains from London. Before the start the *Queen Mary's* commander, Sir Edgar Britten, referred to the possible attempt to beat the *Normandie's* record crossing of 4 days, 3 hrs. and 14 mins. saying that "if the vessel happens to keep ahead of schedule it will be in the ordinary way of business." From this it may be deduced that no particular effort will be made to wrest the coveted blue riband of the Atlantic unless weather conditions turn out extremely favourable.

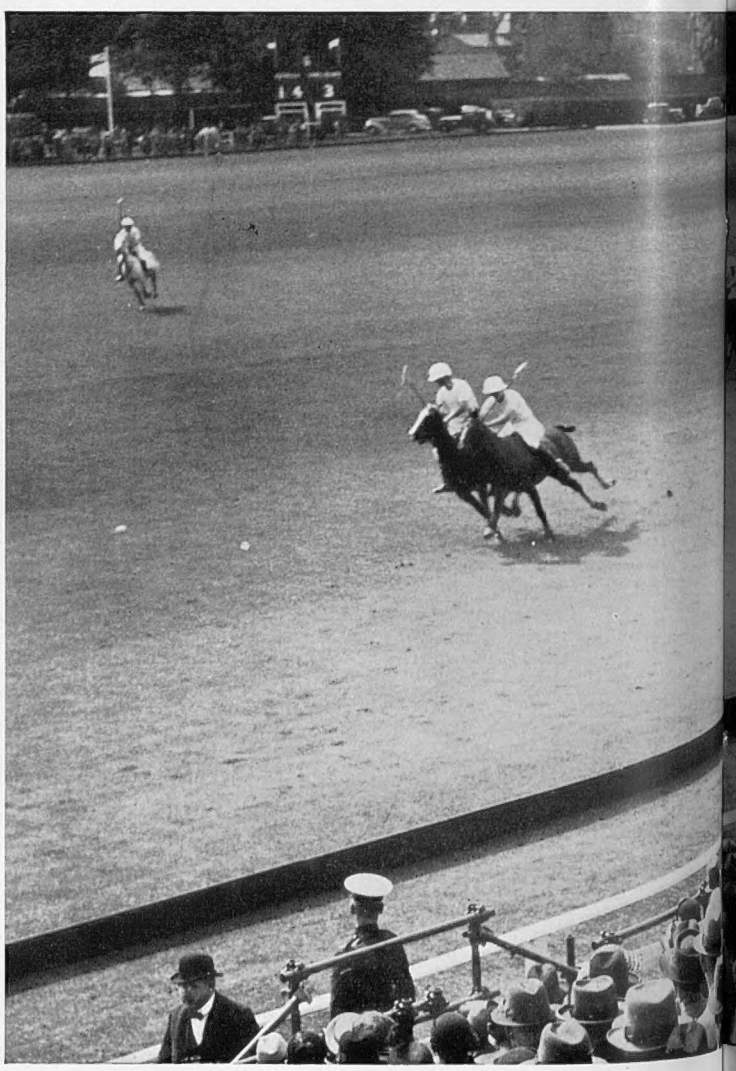
SPORT

And Other Open-Air Events



COACHING DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN: Riders from the Row watching one of the four-in-hands drive up to the Magazine, Hyde Park, last Saturday, when the Coaching Club held its first meet of the season, moving off at mid-day to make the customary tour of the Park before proceeding to Ranelagh where members and their friends were invited to take lunch. There was quite a large attendance, with Captain George Savile, who has been elected to the presidency following the resignation of Lord Leconfield, leading the parade with his Yorkshire bays. The vice-president, Mr. W. W. Theobald, had a team of chestnuts, while Mr. Bertram Mills, one of the most enthusiastic members, drove four high-stepping blacks and was accompanied by Sir Percy Laurie, the Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police

NECK AND NECK: Mr. M. G. Phipps (America, peaked cap) and Mr. R. R. Ashton (Hurlingham) racing for the ball during last week's polo trial at Hurlingham where the American international Team, which is over here to defend the Westchester Cup, made its first appearance in London and beat a scratch side by 20 goals to 4, a result that gives some idea of the superiority of the visitors' play. Their hitting is accurate and they are very well mounted

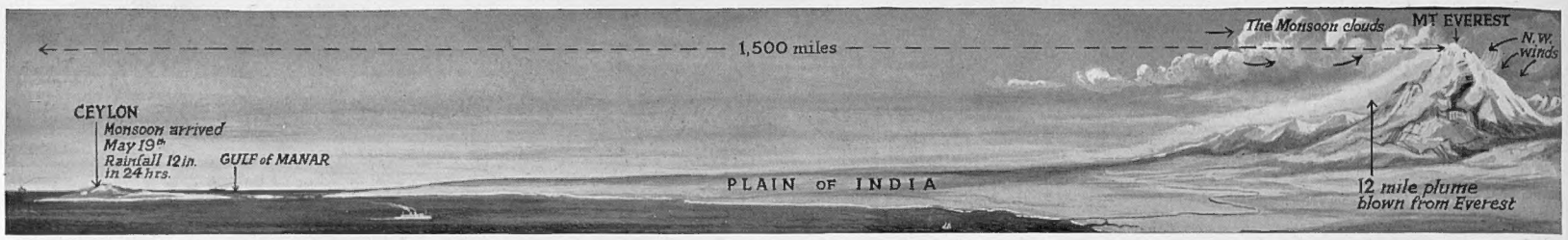


WARMING UP FOR THE CUP: Looking across the new cheap stands at Hurlingham high scoring provided spectators with more than the usual crop of thrills. The coveted Westchester Cup from them are not considered any too rosy. The second the England team (with Hanut Singh, the Indian, at No. 3) beating the Texas Although the result would seem to indicate shortcomings in defence, th

MIMIC WARFARE ON CLAPHAM COMMON: Operating the predictor, a delicate instrument for determining the range of enemy 'planes. One phase of the work of the 52nd (London) Anti-Aircraft Brigade, R.A. (Territorial Army) which was selected to represent the "aerial defence of London" at the recent Royal Tournament at Olympia and which repeated its performance in the open air last Sunday before a big crowd. The spectators were asked to imagine that bombers of a foreign power were making for London, and were then shown all the varied and intricate apparatus used for detecting the approach of machines and for finding their height and elevation in order to assist the gunners. Four demonstrations were staged during the afternoon and in the intervals information was given regarding the need for recruits

towards the field of play during the recent American trial match in which some visitors are, without doubt, a fine well-balanced team, and our chances of wresting the English trial played at Roehampton last Saturday was decidedly encouraging, however, Rangers, a very strong combination, by the extraordinary score of 18 goals to 15. actual play plainly showed that our men are at last beginning to work in unison

THIRD TIME LUCKY: Nineteen-year-old Miss Pamela Barton, who was beaten in the final in 1934 and 1935 pictured with her trophy after winning the British Women's Golf Championship at Southport, a veritable triumph in view of her youth. Her opponent in the final of thirty-six holes was Miss Bridget Newell, a barrister and Justice of the Peace for Derbyshire, for whom she accounted by the decisive margin of 7 and 5



THE EVEREST EXPEDITION IN A DRAMATIC RACE AGAINST THE MONSOON

In spite of the predictions of the weather experts conditions for the 1936 attempt on the summit of Everest have been heartbreakingly unfavourable and Mr. Ruttledge and his party were recently driven back from Camp IV on the North Col, which has been swept by terrific blizzards, to the lower slopes of the mountain, there to await a favourable opportunity. As the above sketch map shows, however, time is getting short, for the full force of the monsoon has already been felt in Ceylon, and by June 10 it is estimated it will have swept across the vast Indian plain and reached the Himalayas, thus rendering the great peak practically unclimbable. Even if conditions improve on the mountain itself this leaves a barely sufficient number of days for an assault and, with every hour wasted, the odds against success are lengthening.

In referring to the attempt of 1933 Mr. Ruttledge has written as follows, and his words are of particular significance at this juncture. "The attacks," he said, "which began on the 28th and were continued till June 1 constituted the last phase of the expedition's work on the mountain. They were pushed to the very limit, and they failed mainly because of the snowfalls on the 29th and 31st. All was over on June 1. We never had another chance. I think that given a season which, for lack of a better name, may be called normal (remembering that normality in the Everest region cannot yet be properly defined), the expedition of 1933 might have reached the summit. A spell of reasonably good weather, lasting ten days from May 15, should have been amply sufficient, and such a spell may, I suggest, be expected at about this time in any but a wholly abnormal year"

COMMEMORATING MARTYRS OF THEIR CAUSE: M. Léon Blum (fourth from left), France's Premier-designate and leader of the victorious parties of the "Left" in the recent general election, pictured at last Sunday's ceremony outside Père Lachaise cemetery, when some thousands of Communists and Socialists, headed by a band and carrying banners and flags, marched through the streets of Paris to the Mur des Fédérés, the wall before which members of the Commune were shot without trial in 1871 after attempting to defy the Government and assert their authority in national affairs

AN ECHO OF SARAJEVO: Prince Ernst von Hohenberg, second son of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria who was assassinated in June 1914, leaving the church of St. Charles, Vienna, after his marriage to Miss Theresa Wood, daughter of Captain George Jervis Wood, a former British Attaché in Vienna. There was a brilliant assembly in the church

LORD DECIES WEDS: The sixty-nine-year-old Irish peer and his bride leaving the Mairie of the Seventh District after their marriage in Paris. Lady Decies is the daughter of Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, son of a famous Philadelphia banker

THE B.B.—SEE GIRLS' DEBUT ON THE AIR! Miss Elizabeth Cowell (*left*), and Miss Jasmine Bligh (*right*), the two woman announcers on Broadcasting House television staff, pictured before the microphone this week when they gave out items in the programme by Geraldo and his Orchestra at the start of their course of training for their new work. Mr. Gordon McConnel, producer of musical comedy, is in charge of their instruction and is teaching them not only to project their personalities through their voices but to acquire a natural deportment

BRITAIN'S MECHANISED FORCES

And Other Aspects of Military and R.A.F. Life

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE: Units of the 2nd Battalion, Royal Tank Corps, advancing under cover of a smoke screen during training at Farnborough, Hampshire. The drivers and gunners wore gas masks, as for the purpose of this particular exercise they were supposed to be passing through a gas drenched area near the enemy lines

WITH THE JUNIOR SERVICE: Southampton flying boats at Felixstowe where they gave an exhibition of formation flying on Empire Air Day. Altogether a thousand R.A.F. and civil aeroplanes took part in the display which was held on May 23 at nearly a hundred aerodromes in Britain

TERRITORIALS IN TRAINING: Recruiting both in this force and in the Regulars is already beginning to show marked signs of improvement and the many gaps in the ranks are gradually being filled, largely, it is thought, through the appeal of mechanisation which makes it possible for the soldier of to-day to gain a sound knowledge of engineering which he can turn to good account in civil life. Here we see (*left*) the 224th Battery of the 94th Brigade Field Artillery on the way to manœuvres among the Purbeck Hills, near Swanage, and (*right*) cyclists of the London Divisional Signals seen during exercises near London. This unit provides the means of intercommunication in the field for the London Division of the Territorial forces, and despatch riding in wartime would be one of the most formidable of its tasks, becoming necessary whenever orders could not, on account of circumstances, be conveyed by telegraphy or telephony

GRAVEYARD OF JUGGERNAUTS: The tank "cemetery" at Aldershot where war-time and other obsolete models are dismantled by scrap-metal merchants. Others are used for target practice. Such machines soon become out of date, constant research having resulted in modifications and improvement of most of the working parts

EYES OF THE AIR: A demonstrator at the R.A.F. School, Farnborough, where men are trained to be expert aerial photographers

b

THE FORTRESS OF GOLD: The main gates of the Bank of France in the subterranean strong rooms of which have been stored of recent years many hundreds of millions of pounds in gold bars, representing the greatest treasure in the world. Since the victory of the Communists and Socialists in the general election there has been a financial crisis, however, and large sums have been transferred to New York and other foreign financial centres. The Bank, which was founded in 1800, is not a State institution, though subject of course to the direction of the Government, but M. Blum, the Premier-designate, is now planning that the shareholders shall be bought out and that it shall be nationalised

Two Hundred Nervous Families

Members of the Financial Oligarchy, Controlling the Bank of France, who have been for so long Behind the Scenes in French Political and Economic Life and whose Powers are Now Threatened by the New Government of the "Left"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"*LES Deux Cents Familles!*"
"*Achetez les Deux Cents Familles!*"

A tall order, you may say. Nevertheless I bought them, for two francs, a list of 200 names, at the corner of the Capucines and the rue Scribe.

At its outset, in 1789, the French Revolution was in danger of collapse owing to the state of penury of the Government, a condition greatly aggravated if not brought about by the nobility and other privileged ones either hiding their money away or taking it out of the country, as *emigrés*. Two men, in particular, rose against what was happening: the philosopher Robinet and Marat.

They differed. Whereas Robinet accepted the deflation and taxation of Necker (Laval in this instance) while at the same time exhorting the Revolution to "go and get the money where it is—in the hands of the rich and the Church," Marat was a whole-hogger in the despoiling line (if that be the proper verb) and would not hear of any further taxes or profferings by the public of its domestic trifles for melting down. Go out after the capitalists who know how to camouflage away their real wealth, said Marat.

The qualified parallel with to-day, only the human ostrich would seek to dodge. For *emigrés* taking away their fortunes on their persons, read aircraft leaving Le Bourget with lingots, and the rest of the picture is an oddly resembling one albeit those who would correct it stand by in a cold, unkilling calm compared with the savage fever of '89.

The contemporary Right, in France, has declared for giving the Socialist "experience," a chance to realise itself, the fond belief being that it will fail and that something akin to a Fascist dictatorship will be rendered inevitable in its wake. The (anticipated) failure should be one of finance. For its part, the Popular Front fully realises this last. How should it not, when what won the election more than anything else was the cry of "*les Deux Cents Familles!*" Neutralise them or they'll break us! But—and it is a big "but"—there is at present, at any rate, no Maratesque intention to confiscate or to introduce a capital levy on these rich and privileged ones. Rather is the plain one of wholesale trust-busting, the 200 families appearing on the scene because the chief and allegedly most pernicious capitalistic influences of the country have been traced to them.

Cartels, Insurance Companies, Banking, High Finance, "Economic Congregations," almost every aspect and manifestation of commercial and industrial endeavour, have been shrilly deposited at the doors of the Two Hundred " . . . and look at the hideous mess you've made of it, out of greed and a domination tyranny based on fear." So proclaims the conquering Left while preparing for action. M. Blum, who once said he'd like to take a holiday from legality, on the threshold of office insists that everything will proceed within the established order, but that is tactical talk aimed at preserving calm pending his assumption of the "léviers de commandement," otherwise the governmental joystick. Zooming is bound to follow.

In fact the zooming should begin almost at once with the radical recasting of the Bank of France—every reform or innovation on the tapis must start from this institution—and that reminds that I have not yet made clear the exact origin of the Two Hundred Families of whom all France is talking, or more precisely, ragging; for the French have suddenly heard such an extraordinary amount of detail, often intimate, about the people who professedly run them, behind all the political blether.

A rare and refreshing torrent of personalities has descended out of the blue upon the nation. Pemberton Billing tried something in kindred line long ago, but he had 700 names and they were never published; moreover, that weird soul was dealing in orgy stuff whereas there is none of that here; all grim figures and facts denoting the overwhelming grip on France exerted by *les Deux Cents Familles*.

Napoleon begat these when one day in February, 1800, he laid down the statute of the newly-born Bank of France which was to be the last thing in democratic institutions, with 40,000 shareholders drawn from all gradings. There must have been a touch of whimsy in the air that morning for the young First Consul added that only the 200 biggest shareholders had the right to vote at the General Assemblies at which the Regents of the Bank were elected, in decreeing which, Napoleon launched a financial oligarchy that has endured ever since and in recent post-war years has strode into everything before it.

The Two Hundred Families, therefore, are those who are the biggest shareholders in the Bank of France. Yet, if there is all the ballyhoo about them, that does not mean that they are active agents towards financial or other policy. Rather is it accepted that most of them slumber peacefully, swathed in *rentes* and *titres*, quite content to allow the omniscient Regents they have elected, to carry on on their behalf . . . and on the country's. The existing Regents, little known men now apparently on their last lap, are: Baron Edouard de Rothschild, Baron Hottinguer, Baron de Neuflize, M. Ernest Mallet, M. Pierre Mirabaud, M. David Weil (all bankers), and MM. Duchemin, Poulenc, de Wendel, Tinardon, Darblay, and the Marquis de Voguë, representing big business. The new Government proposes to axe the lot and to substitute representatives, regularly chosen by the State, of the Executive, the Judiciary, Labour, Commerce, Industry and Agriculture. The notion is that henceforward, instead of the Government having to submit to the fiats of the Bank, the Bank shall submit to those of the Government. This cannot, it is claimed, be done with the present Regents because they have practically the entire economy of the nation in their grasp. The totalitarian tinge to things certainly emerges when it is said that the fateful contemporary Dozen are, personally, administrators of ninety-five great companies, including thirty-one private banks, eight insurance concerns, nine railways, eight shipping lines, seven steel companies, eight mining ditto, six electrical concerns, and twelve chemical companies.

With new Regents ordering the financial and monetary policy of the Government, in complete harmony with the latter, it is asserted that a profound effect will soon manifest itself in the national economic structure as principally represented by the above pivotal concerns.

Meanwhile the identity of the Two Hundred Families who are evidently "for it"—no, that is too strong a term—who are expected to suffer something of a parallel decline in influence to that of the departing Regents, continues to intrigue the natives, as how should it not? Supposing we had the same sort of list broadcast in England, all the bad, wicked, ogrish people who had sucked our blood and were now due to cough up and take a back seat?

The French Communists choose further to reduce the list of the 200 to a mere thirty names. France has been dictated to by thirty families, say the Coms. Yet even the bulk of these names are strangely unfamiliar. Do you know, for instance, the most powerful family in France? Well, its name is Mallet. Tracing them back, the Mallets, who are Protestants, fled from Rouen to Geneva in 1560. Nearly 200 years later they returned to Paris and founded a bank there. Ever since, the family—a veritable clan, to-day numbering twenty-five branches—has prospered uninterruptedly, as the most scrupulous and reliable financial house. The Mallets passed unscarred through Monarchy, the Revolution, the Consulat, the Empire, the Restoration, the July Monarchy, the Second Republic, the Second Empire, and have so far successfully tackled the Third Republic. It was the reigning Mallet who told Bonaparte how to put his bank on its feet, and ever since its inception a Mallet has occupied, without a break, Regent's chair number 3. Actually there have been but three occupants in 109 years.

The Mallets give a good indication of how some of the really important people manage to keep out of the limelight in France. The Mallet Bank is a small private one, but it is known that the safest fortunes in the country are committed to its care. Moreover, the Mallets administrate the four big insurance companies and three of the chief railways in addition to holding down that Regent's chair. Yet rarely if ever does one read of a Mallet château or a Mallet fête: Mallets are never in the news. At least, they've never been until recently.

The insurance companies, incidentally, have over £80,000,000 behind them and are also due for change inasmuch as a capital allegation in their regard is that the big financial powers habitually delve into their mammoth resources in order to

(Continued on page 390)

THE GALERIE DOREE: The Bank of France's imposing salon in the eighteenth-century style. The Bank occupies what was formerly a private mansion (Hôtel de la Vrillière) built by Mansart in the first half of the seventeenth century. It was at one time the residence of the Princesse de Lamballe, the friend of Marie Antoinette

Don Casares Quiroga, Spain's Prime Minister and Man of Iron

EUROPEAN SURVEY

The Polish Dictator's Heart Buried in His Mother's Grave at Vilna

SPAIN'S NEW MINISTRY: Don Casares Quiroga, the Premier, pictured with the members of his Cabinet after taking office. Señor Quiroga, who has a reputation of being a man of iron character which ill-health has failed to wear down and whose stern measures against the Monarchists mark him as one of the most uncompromising of Republicans, succeeds Señor Manual Azana (*inset on right*) as a result of the latter's election as President of the Republic. The new ministry differs little from the outgoing one, and the shuffling of portfolios that has taken place is a quite familiar feature in Spanish politics

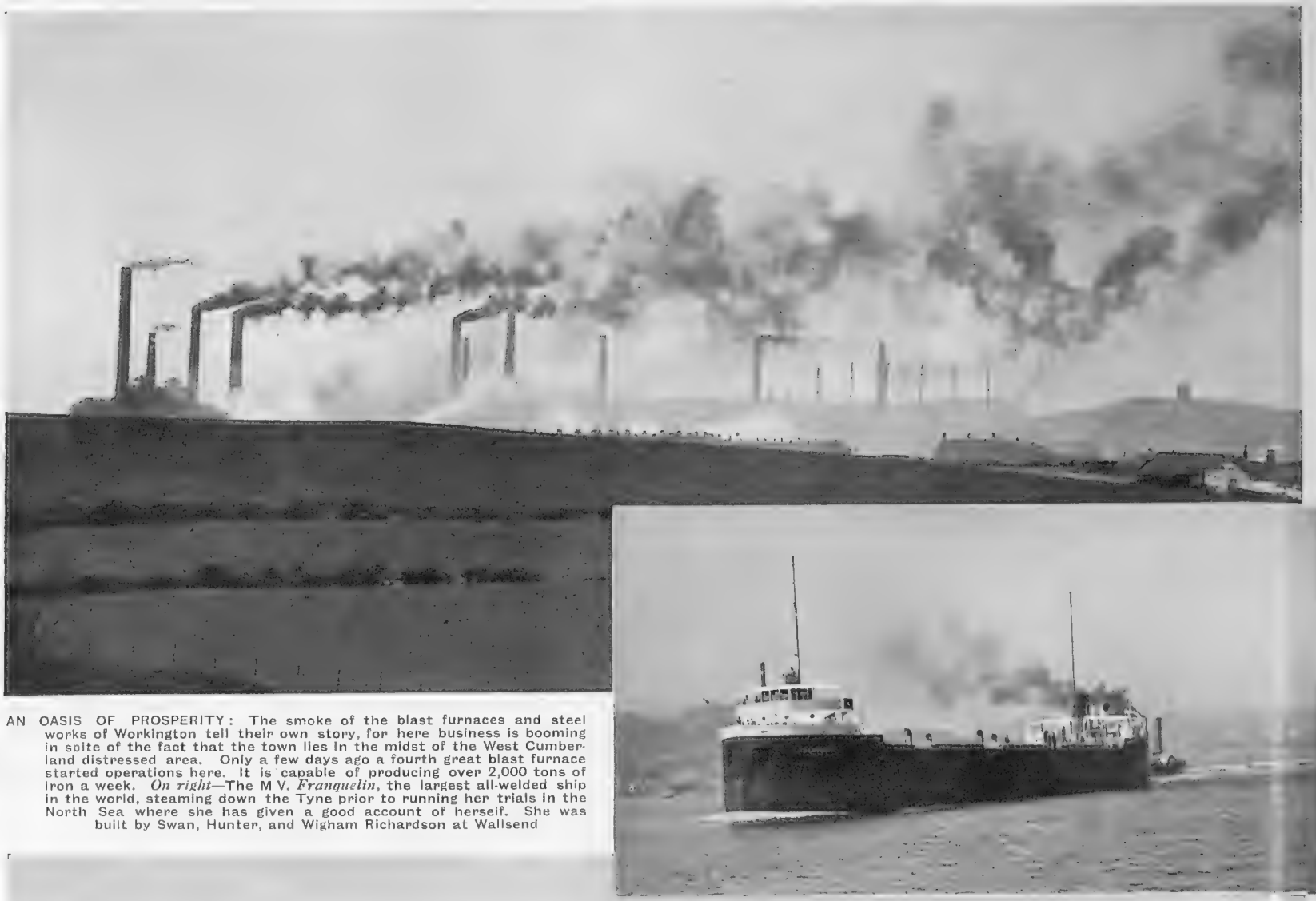
TROUBLE IN GREECE: Demonstrators near the spot in Salonika where a party of strikers for higher wages, acting under Communist incitement, clashed with a detachment of armed police, nine of their number being killed and 115 more or less seriously wounded

THE LAST WISH OF MARSHAL PILSUDSKI, Poland's great military Dictator, was carried out recently at Wilno (Vilna) when his mother, whose coffin was brought from a cemetery in Lithuania, was buried with full military honours on Polish soil and his heart was placed at the foot of her coffin. *Left*—Madame Pilsudski, widow of the Marshal, placing the silver casket containing the heart in the tomb after it had been conveyed by a detachment of troops through the Ostrobramska—one of the nine gates of this seventeenth-century city. In honour of the occasion a three-minute silence was observed throughout the country, while special masses were said in all churches and services held in the synagogues. No theatres or other places of entertainment were open during the day

The Busy Blast Furnaces of Workington Tell Their Own Story

INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY

The New "Fly-over" Bridge Inaugurated on the Southern Railway



AN OASIS OF PROSPERITY: The smoke of the blast furnaces and steel works of Workington tell their own story, for here business is booming in spite of the fact that the town lies in the midst of the West Cumberland distressed area. Only a few days ago a fourth great blast furnace started operations here. It is capable of producing over 2,000 tons of iron a week. *On right*—The M.V. *Franquelin*, the largest all-welded ship in the world, steaming down the Tyne prior to running her trials in the North Sea where she has given a good account of herself. She was built by Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richardson at Wallsend

CHANGES ON THE S.R.: An electric passenger train using the new "fly-over" bridge on the Southern Railway between Wimbledon and Earlsfield which has been built in order to allow locals bound for Waterloo to cross from one side of the main line to the other without having to traverse the various points. This is only one of several improvements in the system, and on the night of May 17 eight miles of track linking Vauxhall and Malden were converted from semaphore signalling to coloured lights, a total of 400 signalling posts being stripped of their arms in a few hours and electrical appliances being placed in position at the same time. From 1 a.m. to 7 a.m. there was no traffic on the line, but when the services were restarted everything went in accordance with schedule

THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE IN SCOTLAND

PAGEANTRY IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL: Lord Kinnaird, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, inspecting the guard of honour, a company of the 2nd Battalion, Black Watch, drawn up in the courtyard of the Palace of Holyroodhouse, before driving in State with Lady Kinnaird (*inset at top*) to St. Giles' Cathedral for the service preceding the opening of the annual General Assembly. Earlier in the morning a levée was held in the throne room of the Palace, attended by representatives of the State, the Church, the Services, the municipalities, commerce, and other phases of public life in Scotland. In his inaugural address Lord Kinnaird referred to King Edward's tour of the Clyde a short while ago when "he visited the abodes of some of his humbler subjects and showed himself so eager for the improvement of those conditions under which a self-respecting and happy home life is possible"

COLOURFUL CEREMONIAL: The pipers of the 2nd Battalion, the Black Watch, playing Retreat on the esplanade of the Castle, watched by a large crowd of visitors. Another of the many brilliant scenes that have taken place in Edinburgh during the past ten days when the presence of the Lord High Commissioner, the King's representative was, as usual, made the occasion for the expression of wholehearted loyalty and devotion to the throne. It is for this brief space, too, that the historic Palace of Holyroodhouse once again comes to life, to play, as in the past, its part in the affairs of Church and State

A MODERN SHOPPING THOROUGHFARE: Herzl Street, Tel-Aviv—a picture epitomising the astounding growth of this all-Jewish city, which in twenty-eight years has grown from a village among the sand dunes on the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean to a modern metropolis of over 140,000 inhabitants, boasting all the refinements of the West and becoming increasingly important as a centre of business activity

A SPACIOUS SQUARE at the junction of Allenby Street with Montefiore and Carmel Avenues. Another view that evidences the permanent character and modernity of the city's buildings. *On right*—An animated scene on the sea front. Tel-Aviv is, in fact, looming just as large as a pleasure resort as it is an industrial centre and Jews and Gentiles come from all parts of Palestine to spend their holidays here

TEL-AVIV: PALESTINE'S MUSHROOM METROPOLIS

Its Development in Twenty-Eight Years from a Village Among the Sand Dunes to a City of Over 140,000 Inhabitants

THE STREET OF THE BALCONIES: Naphtali Benjamin Avenue, another important thoroughfare in the heart of Tel-Aviv's business and shopping quarter. The city is a subject of particular interest at this juncture by reason of the strong anti-Jewish feeling in neighbouring Jaffa, and, in fact, throughout Palestine, which culminated recently in a series of riots that reached alarming proportions. It is difficult to believe, however, that Arab demonstrations will in the long run have any serious deterrent effect on such material progress as is here shown

THE PARK AVENUE OF TEL-AVIV: Tree-lined Rothschild Street and the modern homes of some of the wealthier citizens. *On left*—The Ashkenazim synagogue

The Growth of Tel-Aviv

1908—The settlement founded.

1921—Population 3,066.

1926—Population 38,000.

1931—Population 46,000, with 294 factories already in operation. Municipal income £100,000.

1936—Population 140,000, 400 factories. Municipal income £400,000.

THE MOGHRABI THEATRE: One of several up-to-date places of entertainment in the city where plays, operas, and films are given. The dialogue accompanying the pictures is nearly always in English, but brief Hebrew descriptions are thrown on the screen for the enlightenment of the minority who are ignorant of English. Since the coming of the Nazi regime in Germany there has, of course, been quite an influx of German Jews

TEL-AVIV: A Marvel of Modernity

Its Phenomenal Growth and Present Day Proportions—Many Jewish Exiles from Germany Among Its Population

IN THE MODERN MANNER: A home in the suburbs of Tel-Aviv, with spacious balconies on which the windows are set well back to afford the living rooms' protection from the sun

IT is not generally recognised that the most populated city in Palestine is not Jerusalem, the capital, but the Jewish town of Tel-Aviv, lying to the north of Jaffa. Upon what was nothing more than sand dunes a quarter of a century ago there has arisen an up-to-date and flourishing metropolis with a population of over 140,000, all Jews, and it is rapidly expanding. Not only is it the largest city in the Holy Land, but an important industrial centre. They call it the modern New Jerusalem.

The story of Tel-Aviv is a wonderful romance. In 1908 the heads of sixty Jewish families in Jaffa decided to form a little settlement of their own. They were led to do this because of the lack of suitable accommodation at Jaffa and the exorbitant rents then being charged. Also they were anxious to live their own lives in their own way. So they went out to the sand dunes to the north of the town and there erected sixty little cottages, and called the place Tel-Aviv, meaning "The Hill of Spring," after a Hebrew settlement on the Euphrates during the Captivity. When the War broke out, in 1914, the settlement had grown to 139 houses and a population of 1,416. Then it was closed down, the houses sealed up and the place evacuated, to come to life again in 1918 at the close of hostilities,

Since then it has gone ahead with tremendous strides and is to-day a city of spacious thoroughfares, fine public buildings, shops, stores, restaurants, cafés, cinemas, theatres, synagogues, schools and colleges, possessing all the amenities of a great Western city. It has its own electric power plant, railway station, police force, and municipal council elected by popular vote. Not only is it an attractive residential city, but an important commercial centre with over 400 flourishing industries. It is a city of culture as well as a health resort.

AS you stroll through its streets and note the activity and general air of prosperity you marvel at it all. You are quickly reminded, however, that Tel-Aviv is no ordinary city. It has a personality and atmosphere of its own. It is not Oriental, being far too modern and new for that. Neither is it entirely Occidental, or even a mixture of the two. Yet you sense there is something about the city and its people that singles it out as different from all others. Then you discover the reason. It honours and favours one race, though it despises none.

Written all over the city is Hebrew. All notices and signs are in this language, and you hear Hebrew spoken on all sides. Not that English and Arabic are not used, for they are. It fact, at Tel-Aviv you can hear almost any European language; but the dress, manner, and bearing of the people bespeak their race, and they do not hesitate to emphasise it. True, they welcome the stranger, and are proud to show you their city, and will not hesitate to address you in your own tongue if they know it.

SUBURBIA: A street of modern, concrete houses in the residential quarter. Building is without doubt Tel-Aviv's most important industry, and every year more and more homes are going up. They are all of good quality

WHEN you reach the shore with its casino and fine stretch of sands, note the facilities for bathing, the rows and rows of deck chairs and refreshment kiosks, you begin to understand how Tel-Aviv has developed into a pleasure resort, and why people come here to spend a holiday from all parts of the country, both Jew and Gentile. It is the Riviera of the Near East. Then Tel-Aviv is a centre of Hebrew culture, not only by virtue of its many schools and libraries, but also on account of the literature and journals that it publishes, and of its theatres and concerts.

It is the seat of important Hebrew publishing houses, which issue works—many translated from European languages—on all sorts of subjects. The city is becoming well known for its writers, though its scholars are, perhaps, on a somewhat lower eminence than those associated with the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. There are two daily papers, besides several weekly and monthly journals devoted to special interests. The excellence of the acting of the Habimah and Obel theatres has already been brought to the knowledge of the Western world by their travelling companies, but the peculiar qualities of the "Matateh," a sort of cabaret, do not lend themselves so easily to export. There are several cinemas, too, in which brief Hebrew descriptions are thrown upon the screen for the enlightenment of those ignorant of English, and there is also a season of Hebrew opera. But all these places of entertainment will be dwarfed by the new £30,000 theatre.

IN no other Jewish city is the sanctity of the Sabbath observed so completely as in Tel-Aviv. An hour before sunset on Friday, trumpets are blown to herald the coming of the holy day, and immediately all shops, factories, and offices are closed. Buses and motor cars also disappear from the streets, and the only concession to public needs is that the restaurants and cafés remain open. The synagogues are crowded with worshippers, who even overflow into the street, both on Friday evening and Saturday morning. The Jewish festivals are celebrated and these are occasions for much rejoicing. The Purim festival held in the early spring lasts a whole week, the town giving itself up to pleasure and enjoyment.

From 1908, when the settlement was founded, until 1921, Tel-Aviv was little more than a residential quarter. In the latter year the population numbered 3,066, accommodated in some 424 houses. The commercial and magnificent residential city that has arisen since may be said to have been evolved as the result of the anti-Jewish riots in Jaffa in May, 1921. Up to that time the inhabitants of Tel-Aviv were in the habit of purchasing their requirements in the shops of Jaffa, or those situated outside the boundaries of the suburb. But the riots and the bad feeling shown by the Arabs led a considerable number of the Jewish merchants of Jaffa to organise themselves and establish a commercial centre in Tel-Aviv.

The quiet residential suburb slowly, but surely, became a hive

THE UBIQUITOUS BALCONY once again in evidence on a recently built shop at the corner of Allenby and Montefiore Streets. *On right*—Allenby Street after a shower. Tel-Aviv has an adequate rainfall—only one of the many natural advantages which have contributed to its present prosperity

THE LIDO: Holiday-makers and residents enjoying themselves in the water and on the fine stretch of sandy beach. The houses on the promontory in the distance are part of Jaffa, scene of the recent Arab demonstrations

of industry. The city was granted self-government as a local authority, permission to raise and run its own police force—the first all-Jewish constabulary in the world—a municipal court was founded, and later a loan was floated in America, the first Jewish municipal loan in history. Five years later, in 1926, the city boasted of a population of 38,000. By 1931 it had jumped to 46,000. Then came the Hitler trouble in Germany causing thousands of Jews to flock to Palestine and settle in Tel-Aviv, with the result that the city has now a population of over 140,000, some 400 industries, and a municipal budget of £400,000.

Harold J. Shepstone

FANTASIA *of National* COSTUME

THE UNCHANGING FASHION OF HUNGARY'S PEASANT ARISTOCRACY: A woman of Somogyudvarkely in a picturesque costume of her own making, but following a pattern employed in her own family for many generations. The intricate floral designs fringing the shawl must have involved many hours of patient labour

EASTER FINERY: An Hungarian girl of Homokmegy in the striking blouse and apron that constitute her festival attire. The flower patterns, worked in a host of diverse but blending colours, stand out boldly against a plain background of spotless white, while an edging of lace and a quaintly ribboned headdress still further enhance the general effect

SHADES OF WELLINGTON: Girls of the Boldog district, Hungary, wearing one of the most unusual of national costumes, top-boots, bell-shaped skirts, ruffled epaulettes, and frills, combining to produce an effect at once quaint and pleasing

On right—THE BEST WOMEN: These costumes figure prominently at every important wedding celebration in the Largatera district of Spain and are worn by the two closest friends of the bride. Below the skirts are numerous petticoats, each richly embroidered, while gaiters of equally elaborate design adorn the legs

WEST INDIA DOCK: One of the twelve coloured lithographs, after William Parrott, which comprise the book, *London from the Thames: 1840–41*, which Lord Wakefield has presented to Guildhall Library. The work is of immense interest to students of topography, and copies are extremely rare, for, apart from the Victoria and Albert Museum which has the views uncoloured, no other public collection in London appears to possess more than an odd plate or two. The artist, who was born in 1813 and died about 1869, was a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy. He also issued a striking set of pictures of Paris in 1843

LONDON RIVER

Guildhall Acquires a Set of Lithographs

On left—LOOKING TOWARDS CHEYNE WALK: A lithograph showing a corner of Chelsea Old Church (left) and the memorial to Sir Hans Sloane, the collector, on the right. It is still in existence. *Below*—Paddle steamers, barges, and other craft on the Thames beneath Somerset House promenade

COSMOPOLITAN

Camera Character Studies By
GERTI DEUTSCH

Russian
NOVELIST

Alexandra Rachmanova was born in Russia and went to Vienna as an emigrée on the break-up of the Tsarist regime. At first she had to support herself by selling milk in the Naschmarkt, and her experiences inspired her to write her first novel, *Milchfrau in Ottakring*. She lives in Salzburg

Franz Schmidt, an outstanding contemporary composer who was formerly director of the Academy of Music in Vienna. He attained his greatest success some time ago when he won a prize in a competition for the best symphony written in the style of Schubert

Austrian
COMPOSER

Italian
CONDUCTOR

An unconventional study of Arturo Toscanini, taken while he was seated in his car outside Salzburg Opera House where he will again be conducting this season. He has also accepted an offer to go to Tel-Aviv in October to conduct the opening concert of the recently organised Palestine Symphony Orchestra, a gesture that is generally interpreted as an indication of his sympathy for exiled German Jewish members of the musical profession who have settled in the Holy Land

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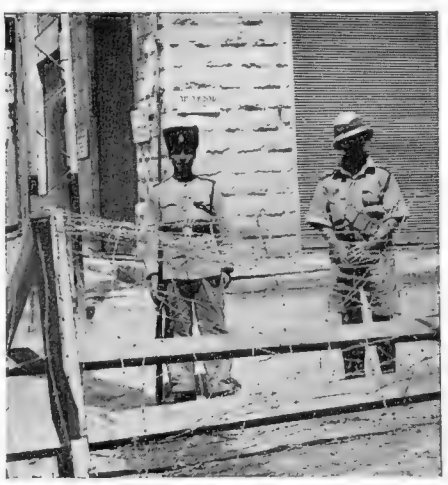
ON GUARD IN THE STREETS OF JAFFA: Steel helmeted British troops entrenched in the roadway in order to prevent further demonstrations on the part of the Arabs who have been actively protesting against Jewish immigration and the sale of land in Palestine to the Jews. The present delicate situation, the result of many weeks of race-rioting, is discussed in the article in the right-hand column by Kenneth Williams who refers to the thorny problem of reconciling the two parts of the Mandate concerning the establishment of a Jewish national home and the safeguarding of the indigenous population's rights

DRIVEN FROM HOME: Yemenite Jews of Jaffa encamped in Tel-Aviv, the neighbouring all-Jewish city, where they sought refuge after their houses had been destroyed by Arab rioters. Some 4,000 others are in similar plight

MOUNTED PATROL: Jaffa special police on duty armed with rifles. They have had a tremendous task keeping order, but their work has been rendered less severe in view of the fact that the Jews have attempted no reprisals. Arab casualties have been entirely as a result of clashes with the authorities



THE TEL-AVIV–JAFFA ROAD: Barbed-wire entanglements set up to prevent Arabs from attacking the Jewish settlement. *On left*—Soldiers keeping watch on a flat-roofed building facing the Jaffa mosque

What is Wrong in Palestine?

The Present Delicate Situation Explained

By KENNETH WILLIAMS

EVERY cable, almost, reports a fresh "incident" in Palestine; man's forebodings in the Holy Land are all streaked with grey. Neither Jew nor Arab has ever been unhappier therein.

Now there is no fairer land than the Holy Land, and I use the adjective, not associatively, but physically. The religious significance varies with the individual; some are moved to tears by sacred memories; others are confirmed in their cynicism by the commercialisation of faith which in Palestine reaches a pitch inconceivable to those who have never been thither. It was an Armenian guide, a man who, moreover, prays every day in the Garden of Gethsemane, who said to me in Jerusalem last year: "We in the East 'make' religion; you of the West buy it."

But there are sights in Palestine whose memory time cannot dim. Look down from Mount Carmel on Haifa Harbour: even hardbitten oilmen of the Iraq Petroleum Company, who have knocked about all over the world, will admit that there is but one more lovely harbour in all the earth. See, from the road from Jerusalem to Damascus, the Lake of Galilee, which the Moslems call Tiberias and the Jews Kinnereth, nestling blue under Trans-Jordan hills. Gaze from the heights of the Holy City, over the Dead Sea waters and the Jordan at the tortured hills of Moab and Edom. Or stop on the road from Jerusalem to Haifa, and watch the sun setting ethereally over the tideless Mediterranean.

Such, and others like these, are sights which no land can surpass. It is a land for the saint, the poet, the artist, the seer.

And yet. . . . Bloodshed is once more staining it, and bitter rancour, and a sense of woe to come. There is no unhappier country to-day.

Why? A hundred people may give a hundred answers. There is no subject on which the writer is more open to abuse. Be you partial or be you impartial you will be assailed for what you write on the Palestine problem. I know, for I have been writing on the subject for seventeen years. . . .

The policy as hitherto conducted under the British Mandate is bound to lead to strife, and renewed strife, and strife after that; there is no prophecy in all the East which can be made more safely than that. The self-conscious Arab and the politically-minded Jew will not sit down together, preach the exponents of co-operation how they will, stress the Semitic bond between the two peoples how they will, work impartially towards that end how the British authorities will. Politically-minded? But everyone in the Holy Land is a politician; every action is politically construed. Not all the talk of economic collaboration can alter that fundamental fact, which, indeed, the amazing economic development of the country in recent years has only emphasised.

People in Great Britain do not realise, have never realised, the terrific tension, sometimes patent, as at present, but always latent, existing between indigenous Arab and post-war Jew. The one fears the other's power, wealth, and intention; and the latter despises the former, as one whom he is destined to outdistance, if not to displace. How could there be fusion between the two? There is virtually no social intercourse between the old and the new races: they lead separate, segregated lives.

Exceptions? I know there are exceptions. But they serve only to illustrate the general truth, which indeed will be disputed by no one who has travelled through Palestine.

It is unquestionably timely that a Royal Commission should investigate the whole problem, once the difficult task of restoring law and order has been accomplished—and it is a difficult task despite the array of authority which the Palestine Government now commands in the form of a large Police Force, including upwards of 1,000 Britons, three battalions of infantry, armoured cars, and the detachments of Royal Air Force.

Warnings have been abundantly issued that such trouble as is now occurring in Palestine would occur, but still we prate about the reconcilability of the two parts of the mandate concerning the establishment of a Jewish National Home and the safeguarding of the indigenous population's rights. Where are the signs of that reconcilability? Whither are we really tending in Palestine? At what are we aiming? The British public has a right to know. The Royal Commission should enlighten it.

It has officially been said, hitherto, that we intend to establish a common Palestinian nationality, in which the Jew shall help the Arab and the Arab the Jew, in which, indeed, neither Jew nor Arab shall, ultimately, know each other as such, but shall be content to work for the common advancement of a land that is holy to both of them. Such phrasing sounds admirable: it was an admirable intention, which has impressed many noble minds. But now it is meaningless, in the sense that it is hopeless of achievement. Facts have moved against us; the friction has been too strong.

FRENCH TROOPS OCCUPY DIREDAWA

GUARDIANS OF THE LINE: Senegalese soldiers of the French Army and their white officers and N.C.O.'s pictured on arrival at Diredawa, keypoint on the largely French-owned Addis Ababa–Djibouti railroad which they successfully defended from the looting mobs driven northwards from Harar by the Italian advance. The presence of these men in Ethiopia has been made the subject of Italian protest, but up to the beginning of this week the authorities at the Quai d'Orsay had not ordered their withdrawal

On left—
WATCHING AND WAITING: French soldiers stationed at an advance post near Diredawa, ready to beat off the Ethiopian mobs which were bent on pillage and destruction following the Emperor's sudden flight

OFF DUTY: Another picture of French Colonial troops whose presence at Diredawa is resented by the Italians. France at the moment is concerned about the future of the railroad of which Italy has long been seeking to acquire a controlling interest, and at the same time is in something of a quandary. If, for instance, she permits the line to be used for the conveyance of war materials this, under sanctions, would mean a breach of League of Nations law, but if, on the other hand, Italy sees fit to divert the traffic this would probably ruin Djibouti

THE ROMANTIC MANNER: Mr. George Steer, correspondent of *The Times*, and Mlle Margarita Herrera, correspondent of a Paris newspaper, who were married at the British Legation, Addis Ababa, during the recent riots

THE ROCKY ROUTE

Scenes During the Italian Advance On

BATTLING AGAINST NATURAL OBSTACLES: One of the ten-ton lorries, used for conveying troops and supplies from Dessie to Addis Ababa, negotiating a hill so steep that at intervals stones had to be placed behind it to prevent it from running backwards. During the whole seven months of the war the problem of transport was one of the most difficult confronting the Higher Command, countless lorries coming to grief on the tortuous tracks that had never before known such traffic

THE LONG LONG TRAIL: Italian transport lorries passing through picturesque country a few miles from Addis Ababa. *Below*—Dr. D. C. Henry, of the American United Presbyterian Mission in Addis Ababa in the grounds of the British legation where he sought refuge. With him are two of his Mission nurses

GOAL OF THE JOURNEY: Following Marshal Badoglio's formal entry into Addis Ababa with picked detachments of white and native troops additional forces were drafted to the city to complete the task of

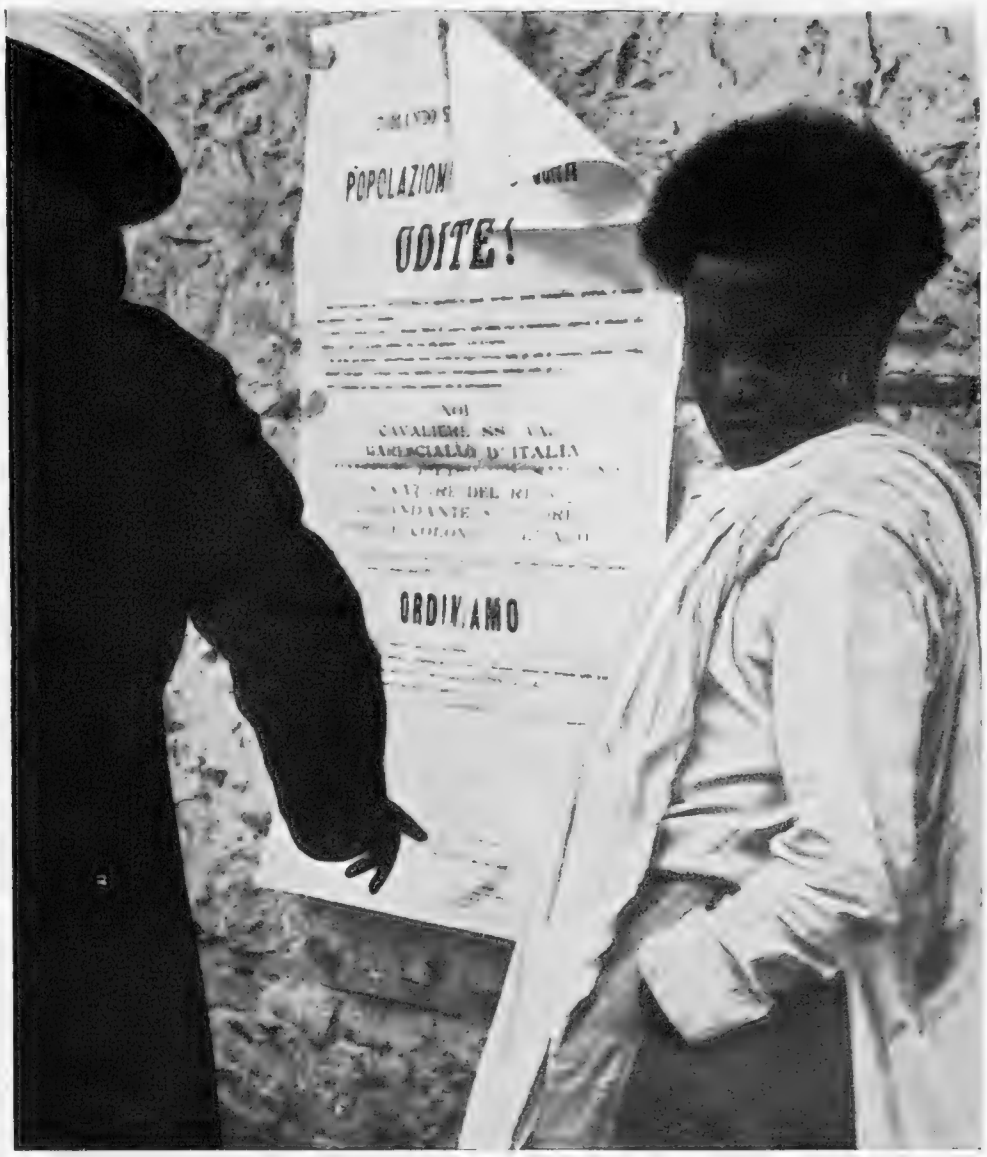
HIGH ETHIOPIAN OFFICIALS OF THE IMPERIAL REGIME AT THE VICTO parade ground. *Left*—A group including Cabter Desfai Tagenai, Director Station Director, and Blatta Ayelu, President of the Mixed Courts. *Righ*

Martial law has wiped out lawlessness in Addis Ababa, the city is quiet and business is once again under way. There are at least 30,000 Italian troops in the city, and during the past week or so detachments of these have been penetrating the surrounding country and eliminating banditry. But Italy's conquest of Abyssinia is by no means complete for Signor Mussolini, in the words of a

TO ADDIS ABABA

and Occupation Of the Ethiopian Capital

occupation, and some of the lorries conveying them are pictured here passing through the streets. In the background are burnt-out buildings, gutted during the reign of terror that followed the Emperor's flight



"POPOLAZIONE DELLA CITTA, UDITE": "People of the City Hear Ye"—the opening sentence of Marshal Badoglio's proclamation addressed to the citizens of Addis Ababa and containing a warning to preserve discipline. A part of the notice was written in Amharic, which formerly ranked with French as one of the two official languages of the country. The task of restoring order in the capital itself has presented no great difficulties, the people having wearied of the insensate slaughter and being anxious to start trading their produce with the invaders

TORY REVIEW, when Marshal Badoglio inspected his troops on Addis Ababa
tor of the Foreign Office, Haile Gabre, Director of Customs, Ato Worku, Radio
ght—The Director of the War Ministry, one of Haile Selassie's personal friends

IN THE DESOLATED CAPITAL: Italian soldiers walking through the debris-strewn streets on the day of their arrival. The devastation was comparable to that at the time of the sack of Peking in the Boxer Rebellion, and on every hand were evidences of the reign of terror, the bodies of hundreds of natives lying incongruously where they fell during the fierce hand-to-hand fighting

recent cablegram from Sir Percival Phillips, "is faced with the stern reality of a new offensive against the land itself, in other words the conversion of the beaten Empire into a rich and productive colony." Immediately the rains cease, in September or October, work will start on the settlement of peasant soldiers in groups known as farm colonies according to a scheme approved by the Duce a year ago.

THE DOCKS AT BARCELONA: A typical seaport where the services of a British Consul are essential, in order to keep a watchful eye on would-be breakers of the shipping and navigation laws, to look after the interests of British seamen who may have become stranded and to carry on the other and various duties of his office

THEY talk about the Navy as being the silent one among the fighting services. Unquestionably the Consular is the shyest among the Civil services. Indeed, this shyness almost amounts to an inferiority complex. Which, frankly, was more or less justified up to the year 1900. Until then it was the poor relation of the Diplomatic service. The pay was execrable and the posts were largely filled under the influence of nepotism.

To-day the Consular service furnishes the commercial and economic background of the Diplomatic service. The Consuls and Vice-Consuls act as commercial reporters to the Department of Overseas Trade, with whom they correspond directly unless their local embassy has a commercial secretary, in which case their information and recommendations pass through him.

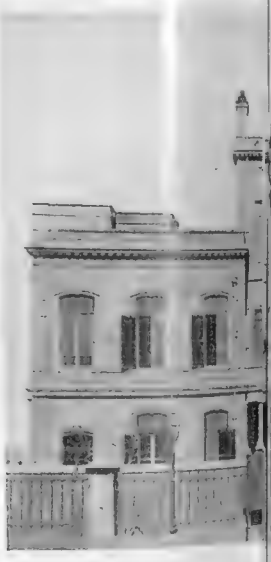
All told, there are 346 salaried posts in the Consular service, and 352 honorary ones. The three ranks are Vice-Consul, Consul, and Consul-General. In addition, there are three Inspectors-General who continuously tour the world visiting British Consulates. One of them is in Scandinavia at the moment; another is on the west coast of South America; the third, with whom I had a long conversation, is at the moment in London on his return from the east and northern sections of the United States.

The Consular service is divided into three sections; the so-called General service, the Levant service, and the Japan-China-Siam service. Until two years ago anyone who entered the service started in one branch and stayed there until his retirement at the age of sixty or sixty-five. The new idea is—to mix four metaphors—that it is cramping to keep Consuls in water-tight compartments; so, just when one of them is getting stale, he is given a run in Paris or Philadelphia. It is reasonable, however, that when a budding vice-consul has taken two years to learn some difficult language such as Siamese, it would be waste of time if there were not a considerable bias in favour of returning him to Siam even though he held temporary posts in other parts of the world.

Since 1919 the pay, and particularly the representation allowance and rent allowance, have been increased. When you enter the Consular service and have been appointed to a post your salary begins at £300, and rises to £600, with a representation allowance and rent allowance ranging from £50 to £250 a year. A Consul's salary begins at £800 and proceeds to £1,000, with a representation allowance and rent allowance of possibly £450 a year. The Consul-General's salary proceeds from £1,200 to £1,500 a year, with as much as £550 a year in the way of allowances.

THE MOST IMPORTANT OF OUR CONSULAR REPRESENTATIVES: Sir Gerald Campbell, K.C.M.G., the British Consul-General in New York. He has held this post since 1931

To enter the Consulate it is necessary to pass the same examination as that for the rest of the Civil Service, including the Foreign Office, and an increasingly good type of young man is coming along. So far I am referring only to those people who enter the Consular service for a career. The unsalaried posts are usually applied for by local business men or retired officers who appreciate the prestige and precedence that the position



gives them. Thus, to be Herr Konsul in Sweden is terrific. Your servants also refer to you as Consul. It is true that on rare occasions when any scandal occurs it is usually the local merchant who is responsible. The newspapers, however, refer to him as a British Diplomat, which naturally irritates the Consular service, because it is giving a bad name to the career officers.

There will, of course, always be a gulf fixed between the British Consulate and the British Embassy or Legation everywhere, but the size of it varies. Thus, in Lisbon our Consul practically works in the Embassy and does all the commercial work. In Paris I do not suppose that the Ambassador, who has his own commercial secretary in

Consuls and Their Little Kingdoms

Their Multitudinous and Various Tasks on Behalf of British Interests and British Subjects Abroad

By CHARLES GRAVES

the Embassy, sees the Consul-General more than once a year. In America it is pretty safe to say that Sir Gerald Campbell, our Consul-General in New York, carries more weight than the Ambassador himself. Sir Gerald is the star turn of the Consular service; he is a riot as a public orator and he speaks in an admirable monotone full of wisecracks. It is safe to say that of the various British Consulates in the world, New York ranks first. Why, the Consular fees amount to as much as £80,000 a year. Next come Shanghai, San Francisco, followed by Antwerp, Hamburg, Chicago, Alexandria, and Rabat.

The reference to the Consular fees, in other words the receipts from passports, visas, shipping and so forth, brings me to the 1936 estimates. The total cost of the three services amounts to nearly £1,000,000. In addition, there is the Passport Control office which comes to £50,536. But the Consular and Passport Control fees amount to £430,000. In view of the immense benefit that the Consular service provides for British and Imperial trade, this seems absurdly cheap. For to-day the conception of a Consul's duties has changed enormously. In the old days he had to know all about shipping regulations and other clerk-like details. To-day he is really an economic expert. It is the Consul's duty to report on any commercial or economic problem that might affect the British Empire. As trade is so nationalised abroad this is both important and difficult. In any given day a Consul may be asked to furnish for the Department of Overseas Trade a market report on raincoats, bedroom slippers, and driving belting. He may also be requested to report on the local traffic light system with the possibility of its adoption in Great Britain. In addition, it is always up to him to send in ideas and reports of his own.

Considering the extremely valuable and free services provided by our Consuls and Vice-Consuls abroad to any British manufacturers, it is extraordinary how little these British firms utilise them. When a British firm is sending out a commercial traveller to study a market abroad it would, if it had any sense, inform the local Consulate that its man was coming out and would be calling on a given date, explaining further what line of goods he was travelling in. When this is done the local Consul gets on the job at once. Supposing, for example, it was a matter of glassware. He would personally call on the heads of the departmental stores and find out the possibilties and their requirements, so that when the traveller arrived he would find all the necessary information parked on the desk and his interviews fixed.

IN 'FRISCO: Mr. Archibald Charlton, Consul-General since 1932. He was formerly C.-G. in Milan

REPRESENTING THE UNITED KINGDOM'S INTERESTS IN CHICAGO: Mr. L. E. Bernays, the Consul-General, and his wife, who is an American. Baltimore, Detroit, San Francisco, Savannah, New Orleans, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh, are among the other important cities of the United States where British officials are stationed

THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT ALEXANDRIA: A post of considerable importance owing to the large volume of British shipping using the port

British firms seldom use British Consuls correctly. Quite recently a famous motor car firm sent a man all the way to San Francisco to see if any business could be secured in the way of selling motor cars to American visitors coming over to this country. The silly fellow never visited the British Consulate. It was not until some weeks later that, by sheer chance, the Consul-General himself came on leave to England and visited the showrooms with the idea of purchasing a car personally. When his identity was discovered the firm explained that they had sent a man out to San Francisco, but that it had never occurred to them to tell him to call at the Consulate. The Consul pointed out that he received hundreds of applications for visas from Americans anxious to visit England each year, and that at least 40 per cent. of them make enquiries about motor cars.

On another occasion an equally well-known firm sent out large quantities of expensive catalogues carefully printed in Spanish to Brazil. Unfortunately, in Brazil people talk Portuguese. Another firm wrote to the Foreign Office to enquire whether there was a London branch of the British Consul-General in Barcelona!

When, recently, a Royal Commission was held on the subject of admitting women to the Consular and Diplomatic services, evidence was given to show that this was undesirable. Various reasons were given, but of course the real one was that a foreigner regards women in a different way from ourselves. During the evidence the head of the Consular service in London was asked if he could define the duties of a Consul. He said it was absolutely impossible. And indeed it is. A Consul has to be a Jack-of-all-trades. He has to be on back-slapping terms with the local Chief of Police to put things right if a British sailor gets drunk and finds himself in the local lock-up overnight; he has to deal with petty local officials over matters of commerce—officials much more difficult to handle than the men-of-the-world at the Embassies or Ministries in the capital. A Consul has to have tremendous patience, therefore, as well as a sense of humour. One minute he must handle the Governor of the Province; the next he must placate some infuriated old lady who has lost her handbag at the last station. In places where Great Britain has extra-territorial rights he has to act as judge, and must also hold enquiries such as that at Alexandria recently when the Imperial Airways flying boat crashed.

To show how efficient they are one can cite the case of the Consul at Casablanca, who gave a verdict which was reversed by the Supreme Court at Gibraltar but upheld by the Privy Council itself, which in so doing delighted the whole Consular service by referring to "our learned brother in North Africa."

As the Consular service is so closely bound up with the interests of British commerce, various Consuls and Vice-Consuls are suppressed on the one hand and created on the other, according to world conditions. In the last seven years at least fourteen salaried Vice-Consuls have been suppressed and in the past few months two have been

IN THE FAR EAST AND AFRICA: The British Consulate in Shanghai (*left*), and the Legation and Consulate in Addis Ababa (*right*), which is situated in spacious grounds outside the city. The latter has been much in the news of late as, with its company of well-armed Sikh guards, it provided a refuge for many hundreds of white people from the looting mobs which overran the streets after the flight of the Emperor and Empress, shooting all who crossed their path

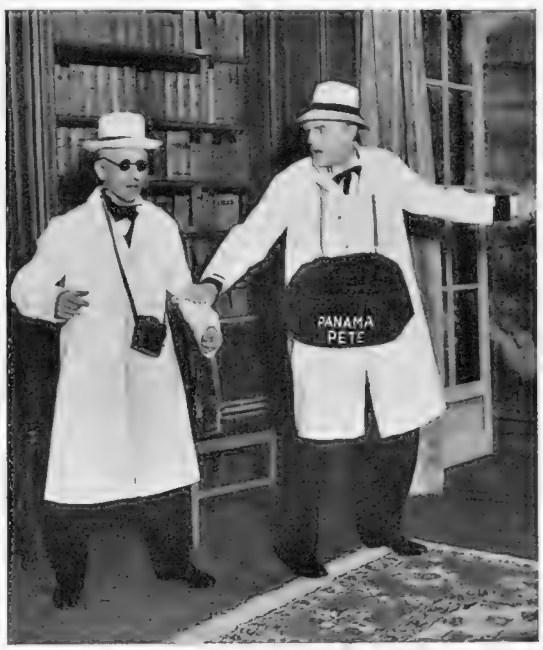
(*Continued on page* 400)

Personalities in the Limelight

MILITARY MARRIAGE AT ST. MARGARET'S: Mr. Henry Claud Lyon Garnett, Royal Horse Guards, son of the late Captain C. L. Garnett, and Miss Mary Gerard Leigh, daughter of Captain Gerard Leigh, of Melton Mowbray, passing beneath the guard of honour after their wedding last week. The eight grown-up attendants wore full dresses of white net over satin which were copied from Winterhalter's famous picture of the Empress Eugenie of France

HOLLYWOOD BOUND: Lady Warwick seen at Waterloo Station before boarding the United States boat train. She is to join her husband in California where he may take part in a film

THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR BIDS LONDON FAREWELL: Señor Perez de Ayala, accompanied by his wife, as he left the Embassy for the last time at the start of his return journey to Madrid. He has been here since the formation of the Spanish Republic, and will be greatly missed in London diplomatic circles



SIR JOHN REITH TURNS BOOKMAKER: The Director of the B.B.C. (right) in *The Sport of Kings*, the B.B.C. Amateur Dramatic Society's show which was performed last Monday at the Fortune Theatre. He took the part of Panama Pete, the butler who turned bookie and made his straitlaced employer into his clerk

BEING PREPARED: Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of the Home Office, in conversation with one of the nurses at Sparsholt Camp, near Winchester, where he witnessed a demonstration of gas attack first aid work by members of the V.A.D. from all parts of the country

AN IMPERIAL PRO-CONSUL SETS OUT FOR HIS DOMAIN: Admiral Sir Murray Anderson, who was recently appointed Governor of New South Wales, pictured with Lady Anderson as he left London for Sydney to take up his new duties. His last post was as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Newfoundland, and before that he spent 40 years in the Navy

SECRETARY TO WED PEER: Mrs. Maud Lytton Grey Bright who for the past ten years has worked for Lord Alvingham is now to become his wife. Lord Alvingham, who is forty-six and a widower, is the son of the late Robert Yerburgh, J.P., D.L., for twenty-seven years M.P. for Chester

St. George in St. John's Wood

The Striking New War Memorial in the Centre of a Traffic Roundabout

THE SLAYING OF THE DRAGON: The imposing equestrian figure of St. George by Mr. Charles Leonard Hartwell, the well-known sculptor and Academician, adorning the recently completed memorial (*right*) to the "men and women of St. Mary-le-Bone who by their service and sacrifice to king and country freely played their part in the great war." The monument stands in the centre of the new traffic roundabout near St. John's Church and just outside Lord's ground

On right — THE PEDESTAL OF THE MEMORIAL, bearing the arms of the borough of St. Mary-le-Bone and an inscription dedicated to the people of the district who served the nation in the war

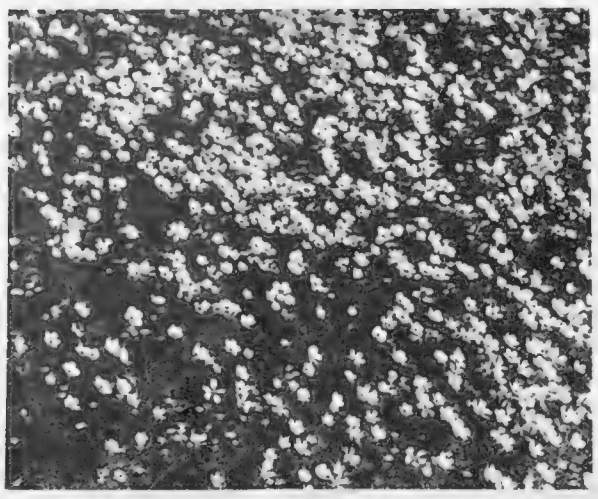
ARTISTRY IN BRONZE: A close-up and a general view of the equestrian statue, the latter showing its dominating position in the centre of the traffic roundabout. The donor of the memorial is Mr. Sigismund Goetze, the noted painter and brother of Violet Lady Melchett, and it is his wish that there shall be no unveiling ceremony. Mr. Charles Hartwell, the sculptor, has much fine work to his credit, including a marble bust of King Edward, when Prince of Wales, for the Mansion House, and a memorial to the officers and men of the Sussex Regiment. He first studied in the studios of the late Onslow Ford, R.A., and Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.

SPRING'S MAGIC CARPET: Ponies grazing in a field in the Essex lowlands gay with multitudes of daisies brought into flower by the recent warm spell which acted like magic on the countryside, helping it to throw off the last effects of a winter remarkable not so much for its severity as for its length and its extraordinary vagaries

GUARDING ITS STEP. MOTHER'S HOME: The young cuckoo resents the intruding photographer as it hungrily awaits the next supply of food so willingly brought to appease its voracious appetite

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD IN ALL THEIR GLORY: Cuckoo buds blooming in a low-lying Suffolk meadow. They have spread themselves in rich abundance about the landscape, like pale coloured linen bleaching in the May sunshine. The hedgerows are also now fully out, with a greenness and freshness that one sees only in spring

NATURE ADORNS THE MARGIN OF A POOL: Crowfoot in full bloom. A lovely wild flower, found in abundance near the banks of streams and in the neighbourhood of ponds, which belongs to the genus *ranunculus* and is so called from the shape of its leaves. It has been at its best during the past week or two



FLORAL MOSAIC: Two more spring wild-flower pictures, showing, on right, a close-up of cuckoo plants with which few other flowers can vie in profusion of growth. Buttercups and dandelions have also made their bow, and in many a country district housewives have been collecting basketsful of the latter to make the ever popular dandelion wine

✣ ✣ ✣

The Country Awakes

And the Wild Flowers Add to the Gaiety and Colour of the Landscape

AT this time of the year, when on every side are "buds and bells and blossoms," there are myriads of flowers to be seen in an infinite variation of colouring; woven into the fresh verdure of the countryside — gold and azure — violet, rose, and white. In their great armies the cuckoo-buds have arrived upon the scene. And they have spread themselves in a rich abundance all about the landscape. Charmingly they seem to justify their name of ladies' smocks as they lie about the meadow-places like pale-coloured linen, bleaching in the bright May sunshine. Whilst, close at hand, the stitchwort is growing in a galaxy of tiny stars, which are daintily set off by their slender tapering leaves. These vie with the cuckoo-flowers in the profusion of their growth.

Presently, in quiet dalliance above the white and lilac blossoms appears a small butterfly—an orange tip—the deep hue upon his wings marking him out for distinction as he wanders along across the fields. Prettily, but inappropriately enough, in some of the rural districts this especial butterfly is named the wood lady.

Amongst his most favoured haunts are those pleasant meads where the cuckoo flowers flourish. Inconspicuous, but of a delicate beauty, the wood-sorrel in her retired nook needs to be sought for. With her mauve-veined blooms and her bright green clover-shaped leaves, she will be found about the shady places. It is said of the woodsorrel leaf that it was the original shamrock, the traditional emblem of Ireland, for which in later years the trefoil leaf of the clover was substituted. Scattered here and there are the early field forget-me-nots, tiny points of vivid hue which seem to have borrowed their colour from the wonderful blue of these rich skies of May. And these forget-me-not skies, untouched by any cloud—the pure gold of the sunshine, the freshness and the fragrance of the air —all these serve together to create a perfect and a most seasonable day, a radiant day that re-echoes to the minstrelsy of the birdland people. And the leader of this fine music is that greatly gifted singer —the greatest amongst them all—the sable-coated blackbird, who now, from his perch in some leafy height, is giving generously of his best to the listening world throughout all the summertime. Thus yet again, as ever year by year he proves his lovely songs to be both more melodious and more exquisitely finished than those of any other of the bird singers in these islands. Upon a low-growing bush the tree pipit is seated. With much satisfaction he is contemplating the spot where, some few yards away, a precious nest lies carefully concealed from the notice of any prying eye. Nor is he himself in any way noticeable—his brown plumage being so at one with the shadows of his surroundings. Olive and brown are the predominating shades in his dress, with something of a yellow tinge upon the breast, and some small touches of a dull white upon the lesser and the outer wing coverts.

There are at this moment five eggs lying in the nest belonging to this particular pair of birds, and these are covered with brown markings upon a warm purple ground. The hen bird is sitting closely upon her clutch of eggs in her snug hiding place. In her colouration she closely resembles the dull neutral tints of her mate—this adding considerably to the security of their abode from any possible discovery. Frequently the term of titlark

(Continued on page 390)

Rival Silhouettes for Royal Ascot

The Cool Perfection of Tailored Chiffons and Organza

ARE you a romanticist, happiest in ethereal clothes of floating organdie or lace? Or do you prefer the cool and simple perfection of tailored crêpes and chiffons, free from elaboration, and short enough not to trail on the grass even when you are sitting down? Whichever you like, you can wear them this year, confident that Fashion favours both.

For the first two days, short tailored crêpe suits, patterned perhaps with dancing ladies in white on a blue ground, or with slender black skirts and vividly printed coats, will be much in evidence. Gold Cup Day will undoubtedly bring out the usual collection of classic garden party frocks, with some pencil straight satin skirts and flared lacquered satin tunics, and some exquisitely hand pleated dresses in two toned chiffons.

Lace, of course, is always a great favourite. A very charming model is sketched on the extreme left of this page. It is black, patterned with white ciré threads, and the sash crosses at the back, drawing the dress smoothly against the figure. It comes from Vanite, of 8, Sloane Street, S.W., and it would be very successful copied in a printed chiffon. The crinoline hat has a huge bow of black tulle, and a tiny latticed cap which fits the head.

The second frock is of navy georgette with a delicate white scroll design. It wraps round the figure in the same way as a negligée and is tied in a bow at the back, the ruching across the shoulders and on the skirt giving it an air of charming formality. Here the large hat is of white tubular straw with a navy crinoline and lace crown, and a bandeau at the back.

The little toque is of black tulle with a coronet of silver grapes and an elusive veil, while the kid gloves, trimmed with ruching and light perforations, cost only 18s. 11d. The price of the calf bag is 25s. 9d., and, with the second dress and the last two hats, it comes from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, W.

ROUSING ENTERTAINMENT AT DRURY LANE: Binnie Hale and Syd Walker in *Rise and Shine*, a lavish musical comedy production that has clearly come to the Theatre Royal for a long stay. *On right*—Clarice Hardwicke whose performance, says Philip Page, is one of the highlights of the show

Current Drama

An Attempt to Popularise Tchehov—The Glorious Voice of Covent Garden's New Prima Donna

Reviewed by Philip Page

TCHEHOV has been promoted to a *de luxe* production and a place at the New Theatre (which now has almost a definite and certainly an intelligent policy), and the presence of Mr. John Gielgud among his interpreters.

Whether this presentation of *The Seagull*, admirable though it is in every respect but one—for there was a tendency to inaudibility at times—is going to put Tchehov on the popularity map I rather doubt. Many experts, I notice, are optimistic, and I only hope they are right.

The production, by the way, at the Little Theatre in 1925 should not be forgotten; I, at any rate, can never forget the exquisite performance of Miss Valerie Taylor as Nina.

It is not easy to make up one's mind whether *The Seagull* is one of the most amusing plays ever written or one of the most depressing. Possibly that is why it has for forty years remained so extraordinarily interesting. Beyond any doubt it is extraordinary. It is more like a burlesque of Tchehov, and of the Russian drama in general of the period, than any other of his plays. These strange folk wander on and off listlessly, obsessed by their woes, yet making no effort to shed their obsession and even rather enjoying it.

Miss Martita Hunt, as Masha, who in deep black explains that she is "in mourning for her life," is typical of that odd crew. Yet they are a lovable crew on the whole, and we laugh with them more often than we laugh at them. I would like to have stayed for a week-end in that country-house. But not for more than a week-end.

Mr. Frederick Lloyd (Peter) was the most robust figure, and that does not say much, for he spends most of his time in a bath-chair. But at least he grumbles because in what is left to him of life all he can enjoy are cigars and glasses of sherry; he does not wax morbid about his soul. Miss Edith Evans (Arcadina, the actress) is vital and glittering—she resists the temptation to glitter too much—but beneath it all one senses profound and Slavonic gloom. Mr. John Gielgud contented himself with the comparatively small part of Trigorin, the writer, who probably wrote much as Tchehov himself wrote. A clever performance in a grey key. Mr. Leon Quartermaine is always excellent, and Miss Peggy Ashcroft's charming and pathetic *ingénue* was rightly "leagues and a thousand miles away" from Roedean.

There was the stamp of genius over M. Komisarjevsky's lovely production.

"Tristan and Isolde."—"The voice of a century" seems to be the generally accepted verdict on Madame Kirsten Flagstad, the new prima donna who has come to us from Norway via the Metropolitan New York.

As I have not been going to opera for quite a century I am unable to endorse this. But I have known more than one Isolde with the voice, apparently, of a centenarian, and the appearance too, though not at Covent Garden. Madame Kirsten has youth and comeliness (*and* slimness) in her favour, and a glorious voice. Last week's performance of *Tristan and Isolde* will surely stand out in Covent Garden's annals, and the audience were duly ecstatic. I have never heard the great part sung so magnificently or acted so sympathetically.

The performance was in other respects also on a high level, although not quite so high. Herr Lauritz Melchior is not the ideal Tristan; besides, having just barked his way—there is no other choice with that music and those orchestral surges and crashes—through a whole cycle of *The Ring* his voice seemed rather tired. Yet he did pretty well. I would like to hear an Italian tenor have a shot at Tristan one day, even in the German season; this would at least be an interesting experiment and not so impracticable as it may seem.

Herr Janssen's Kurwenal introduced a welcome touch of healthiness in that rather morbid atmosphere, and I am looking forward to hearing Mr. Frank ("used-to-be-a-baritone") Sale in more important tenor rôles in this theatre than the murderous Melot. Herr Fritz Reiner's handling of the orchestra was all that it should be—sympathetic in the extreme.

"La Tosca."—The second performance of *La Tosca* was far better than the first. Madame Cigna remained in the title-rôle, but Signor Borgioli had replaced Signor Lauri Volpi. He is more of a lyric tenor than his predecessor, and the part is essentially dramatic; he sang it, however, in much better taste, and we were spared Signor Volpi's mighty outbursts of lung power which twisted the music all out of shape, greatly though they appealed to the gallery. Such tricks show Italian opera at its worst, even if they are a native growth.

Mr. John Brownlee, British and a vast favourite at the Paris Opera, succeeded that gentle Hungarian, Herr Sved, as Scarpia. He sang well and I really did feel that had La Tosca suddenly ceased to struggle against his amorous embraces he would not have been nonplussed.

I last spoke to the late Sir Philip Ben Greet only a fortnight or so before his death. He was present at the first performance at the Ambassadors Theatre of a play (since defunct) with the possibly ominous title of *The Future That Was*. The old man looked terribly ill, and seemed to realise that this was his last visit to a theatre. And so it proved to be.

Ben Greet was never by a very long chalk a great actor. But he was a great enthusiast, a life-long worker in the cause of Shakespeare, a shrewd judge of acting and a valuable "coach." As a producer he could be a martinet and he was given to interfering even in productions in a directing capacity. But he had very few enemies and a host of friends.

He was the particular mentor of Dame Sybil Thorndike in her early days on the stage. "Ben Greet took Sybil through her bits very carefully" I find in her biography, "and said 'You'll be right enough if you don't bounce too much.'"

There are many of our younger actresses who bounce too much. And not a few of our actors bound.

"Marriage Settlement."—I chiefly enjoyed this play at the Royalty Theatre—I cannot say that it is a good play, yet there were parts I did enjoy—by reason of the clever performance of Miss Kathleen O'Regan, a delightful actress of whom not nearly enough is seen. She had much more to do in *Marriage Settlement* than to play a difficult part well; she had to save situations (and when she could not save them it was not her fault) from dissolving into that most embarrassing theatrical *contretemps*—unsuspected, unwanted, unsympathetic laughter.

Miss O'Regan played the part of a wife who had, among other theories about marriage which she discussed at great length, the notion that her husband should be allowed to behave exactly as he pleased in the matter of relationships

(Continued on page 394)

TOSKA VON BISSING as Mrs. Steele in the Gate Theatre production *Parnell*. She bears a striking resemblance to Margaret Rawlings who plays the part of her sister, the unhappy Kitty O'Shea, whose divorce was the cause of the downfall of the famous leader of the Irish Party. In spite of the ban it is still possible that the play may be put on in the West End. It has already created the greatest interest in New York

MALCOLM MORLEY, co-author with Madge Pemberton of *The Emperor of Make Believe*, the play about Hans Andersen and Jenny Lind which starts its run at the Westminster Theatre on Monday next

THE NEW MODERNITY...

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IN Furniture to-day 'modernity' has a new meaning. The reversion from steel and chromium to hard straight lines in wood is now succeeded by a softer outline, harking back to the best of the old masters. A style which conforms to up-to-date demands and yet conveys something of the repose and 'easy-to-live-with' feeling that distinguished its ancestry.

Recognising the importance of this truer, more lasting interpretation of to-day's needs Harrods have collected a number of distinctive examples in the Furniture Galleries, and it was from these that the Dining Suite illustrated was chosen. Of maple and sycamore, it shows signs of Sheraton influence in the shape of the handsome pedestal table and sideboard. The chairs themselves are in sycamore also and have seats of peach-shaded hide to complete the lightness of the scheme.

Pedestal Table £25.10 Sideboard £29.15
Chairs £6.9.6 each Arm Chairs £10.10

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

A Travel Writer with a Provocative Point of View

EVEN to the studied nineteenth-century restraint of the title **BALI AND ANGKOR** (Michael Joseph. 16s.) is a superb piece of work. First of all it achieves what is surely the principal object of a travel book—it makes one want to go immediately to the places described in it, and secondly it is written in an artlessly friendly style which deludes the reader (for a moment or two) into thinking himself capable of just such acuteness of observation and expression as if he were seeing the country for himself. In other words it is an extremely clever book.

There is nothing banal about Mr. Gorer's views, however, as there might be if one were to attempt to record a journey of one's own. "Anthropologists," he writes, "resemble society hostesses in many ways—an anthropologist talking to a 'savage' is just like a lady putting a 'not quite quite' at her ease—and one of the most remarkable characteristics of both is this passion for placing people. As soon as an anthropologist hears about a new race his first question is: 'Who were their people? What, pre-Malay? They've got a place somewhere up in Cambodia, I believe. Of course, the Khmers took the family place, and they had to move; and they replaced some people who were quite outside the pale, in fact extinct."

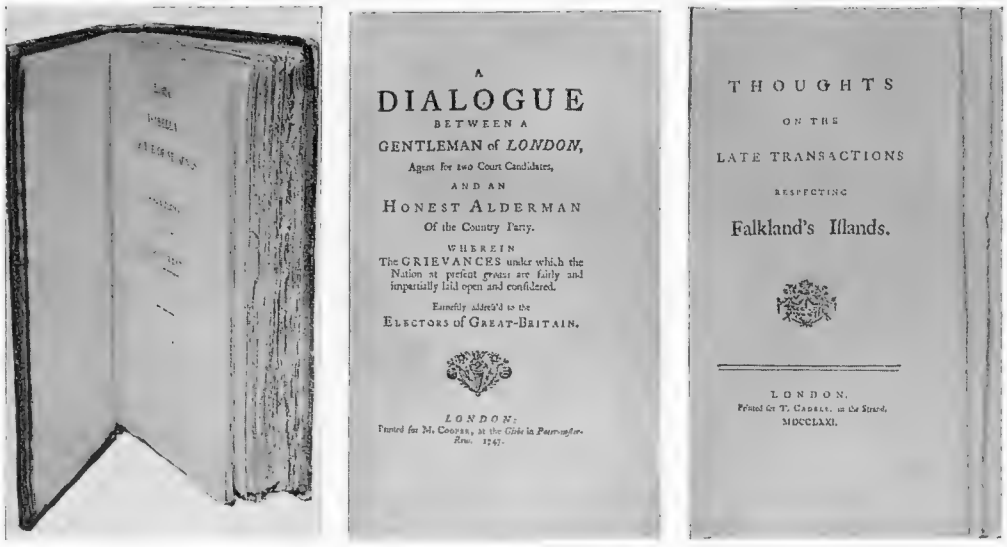
Again, writing of Cochin China and Cambodia, Mr. Gorer's dictum is refreshingly unexpected. "All that I saw of French Indo-China," he announces airily, "seemed to me to be completely uncalled for."

Bali and Angkor were the high lights of the author's voyage, but his book is also concerned with his journeys to reach them and with the people he met on those journeys; the tearful young German who was *so furchtbar einsam;* the old French music-hall star; and the "more intelligent Dutchmen I talked to." The chapter on Bali, with its sub-title of Life and Religion, and the chapter on Angkor, or Death and the Plastic Arts form the most important part of the book, and one would be justified in buying it to read one of them alone.

When one finds a writer with as fresh a mind and as provocative a point of view as Mr. Gorer's one should really be grateful, and remembering that excellent fore-runner, *Africa Dances*, one should put him on the list of authors whose books are a real necessity. Incidentally, this unconventional paragon even takes good photographs and has illustrated his book with them.

Ladies of easy virtue with the limpid natures of children of twelve have been a literary stock-in-trade for so long that one no longer has any feeling of startled expectancy on being introduced to them in the first chapter of a novel. Sometimes they flourish in a Rabelaisian atmosphere and keep an old mother or an adopted child with their savings; that is the American novel.

Sometimes, on the other hand, they are Japanese, young, faithful, and pathetic, and such is the heroine of Mr. Bradford Smith's novel **TO THE MOUNTAIN** (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) Kimi-san was sold as a child to one of the houses in the licensed quarters. She did not have the instant success that one might have expected in a work of fiction, but there was a middle-aged man, Yamano, who was really kind to her, and for whom she felt the first affection of her life. After a time she is rescued from the house, and, as it were, adopted by a practising Christian, Major Honjo, and for some time her life is happy, until she meets the young man, Shigeo, and they both fall deeply and sincerely in love.



RARE VOLUMES IN THE AUCTION ROOM: Three important items in the sale of books and manuscripts to be held at Sotheby's on June 8 and 9. *Left*—The first edition of "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and other poems by Keats published in 1820. It is being sold by order of the administrators of the estate of the late Albert Whitin, F.S.A. *Centre*—An electioneering pamphlet in the form of "a dialogue between a gentleman of London, agent for two Court Candidates, and an honest alderman of the country party." It is by Fielding, but has apparently never been reprinted in that author's collected works. *Right*—The first edition of Samuel Johnson's *Thoughts on the Late Transactions Respecting Falkland's Islands*, issued in 1771, shortly after the time when Spain was forced to surrender her claim to the group on receiving the ultimatum of the British Government

It is an unhappy story, for the rigid etiquette that is as powerful as a law in their country, prevents them from marrying, and for Kimi-san there is the extra complication of Shigeo being the son of her old friend Yamano. Finally, the solution, which they both regard as the only choice for them, is suggested, and hand-in-hand they throw themselves into the volcano of Karuizawa."

In a book of this type it is fatally easy for the author to sentimentalise the situation, and resort to all the stereotyped tricks and the theatrical contrasts. Mr. Bradford Smith has avoided all these pitfalls of bad taste, and has written, perhaps at too great length, a simple and moving love story.

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

I have never been able to understand why authors should be pleased to hear themselves compared with other writers. Authors of detective stories are often referred to as being like Wallace or Oppenheim, when it seems to me there is room enough in this field for a man to write excellent stories which owe nothing to a tradition and stand on their own merits.

The books of Mr. Francis Gérard for instance, are quite worthy of a separate valuation although, inevitably, we are told they are "better than Edgar Wallace." **CONCRETE CASTLE** (Rich and Cowan. 3s. 6d.) which I have just read is genuinely exciting and has the authentic "to-be-read-at-one-sitting" urge about it which must be the ambition of every writer of mystery stories. It is terse, it is only agreeably improbable, and it has no fewer than five real thrills. One day perhaps, the well-known form will be altered to "just like Gérard."

MURDERS AT THE LAKES (Mortiboy's. 7s. 6d.) opens in a satisfactorily eerie atmosphere with only "the sardonic cry of the buzzard" to break the mountain silence of our hero's camping ground, but it is disappointing in its development, and there

A Vivid Piece of Story-telling by a Russian Author

are moments when Mr. G. L. Jennings nearly wrenches the long arm of coincidence out of its socket. Mr. Jennings is introduced to the reader as a colleague of Edgar Wallace, a fact which, as one reads on, has less and less significance.

THE OCEAN (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) is only a Soviet novel in the sense that its author is a contemporary Russian writer of some distinction. It has, I discovered with rather unworthy relief, no political intention, and is simply a vivid piece of story-telling.

The scene which Mr. Paul Nizovoy has chosen is one of the loneliest stretches of the Arctic coast between Murmansk and Archangel at the end of the last century. Nikolai William, half-Norwegian, half-Russian, had chosen this solitary place to build his wooden cottage, and there he brought his town-bred wife Vera. For many years he had saved up his money to this end, and the rough adventurous life of a northern fisherman had been his ambition. He was happy and his zest for the danger and hardships of the life was an almost brutal contrast to Vera's moods of nostalgia and discouragement.

The story moves on to 1918, when William's eldest son is fighting with the Red armies, and it is then that the full power of Nizovoy's straightforward and living style is apparent. His writing is direct and uncomplicated by psychological asides. He tells the story of one man and his family; his strength, his failures, and the force that drives him after his wife's death to regret so bitterly the twenty-five wasted years with his town wife, when he might have chosen "another kind of woman, with strong character and strong body . . ." The story ends with William left alone with one son, (the others having gone back to civilisation), and a slow, good-natured Lapp woman who was to be the mother of his young children. Life would go on for him, for that was his way.

Mr. John Cournos is to be congratulated on his translation, which is exceptionally good, and worthy of such a vigorous and distinguished book.

"Siezing the bull by both horns he kissed her vialently on her dainty face," is, as nearly as I can remember it, a passage from one of the love scenes in that classic, *The Young Visiter*, and a very good love scene it was, as you can see. Whether or not Mr. Bryan Guinness is familiar with the work of Miss Daisy Ashford I have no way of knowing, but every opportunity for guessing.

His new novel, **A WEEK BY THE SEA** (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) did not appear to me as a delicate rondo, in spite of the publisher's suggestion, but as a gentle and unremarkable story told with a charming naivete that had more appeal than sophistication. It is a conscious naivete, as delightful, mannered, and fragile as an eighteenth-century fan, even though the theme it illustrates is as humdrum as the South Coast town in which it is played. A week by the sea, and Edgar Tipping, the middle-aged married organist of Mudmouth Church, falls in love all over again.

It is the incidental characters though, that make the book a joy; the schoolgirl, Ursula, who wore a grating over her wrist-watch "to protect it from the violence of her school-fellows," the mother who complacently corrected her child: "No, dear, not funnee man—clergyman," and the man who regretted that there were no cobwebs on his treasured bottle of claret although "he was continually putting spiders into the cupboard in the hope that they would decorate its contents."

Not "a delicate rondo" perhaps, but a book of unusual observation.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BLACKWOOD.—RESTLESS TIDES. By J. Strange Morrison. 7s. 6d. GEOFFREY BLES.—SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS. By Richard Halliburton, Illustrated. 16s. THE TWISTED VINE. By I. K. Summerhayes. 8s. 6d. COLLINS.—ROUGH PASSAGE. By Gavin Douglas. 7s. 6d. MRS. RUDD WRITES HOME. By Sybil Bolitho and Cen Fearnley. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—INDIAN TEA. By Aileen Smiles. 7s. 6d. GRAYSON.—GUN COTTON GOES TO RUSSIA. By Rupert Grayson. 7s. 6d. MYSTERIOUS HAPPENINGS. By Maurice Lewis. 5s. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—OUR TWO ENGLANDS. By James Lansdale Hodson. 10s. 6d. AMERICAN WONDERLAND: Memories of Four Tours in the United States of America (1911-35). Illustrated. 18s. THE OTHER DAY: An Autobiography. By Dorothy Whipple. 8s. 6d. CLEAR WATERS. By Owen Rutter. 7s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—BUBBLE REPUTATION. By P. C. Wren. 7s. 6d. TO WHAT PURPOSE? By A. M. Westwood. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—SHADOW ON THE BROOK. By Elisabeth S Payne. 7s. 6d. BAILEY BROTHERS, LTD.—HOLIDAYS IN BAVARIA. By Countess Eva Baudissin. Illustrations by Elisabeth von Rummel. 2s. 6d. METHUEN.—LIVING CANVAS: A Romance of Æsthetic Surgery. By Elisabeth Margetson. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. WITHERBY.—BIRDS OF THE GREEN BELT AND THE COUNTRY AROUND LONDON. By R. M. Lockley. Illustrated. 5s. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—MEMORIALS OF THE MILITARY LIFE. By Thomas Washington Metcalfe. 10s. 6d. THE CHARM OF THE TIMBER HOUSE. With an introduction by S. P. B. Mais and a chapter by R. Furneaux Jordan. 2s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—LUCASTA'S WEDDING. By Hans Duffy. 7s. 6d. BED MANNERS: How to Bring Sunshine into Your Nights. By Dr. Ralph Hopton and Anne Balliol. Illustrated by Evelyn Cockayne. 3s. 6d. MASTERS OF RUSSIAN MUSIC. By M. D. Calvocoressi and Gerald Abraham. Illustrated. 18s. DENT.—WHEN MEN WORE MUFFS: The Story of Men's Clothes. By H. P. Price. Illustrated. 5s. MODERN IRELAND AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN. By Cicely Hamilton. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—SUSPECT: The War Story of a Young Artist Accused of Espionage. By Allan Strawbridge. 8s. 6d. A MIRROR FOR SKYLARKS. By Martin Hare. 7s. 6d. PIG AND PEPPER. By David Footman. 7s. 6d. THE SIXTH BEATITUDE. By Radclyffe Hall. 7s. 6d. COSMOPOLITANS: Very Short Stories. By W. Somerset Maugham. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—LET US PRAY. By John Gray. Foreword by Ethel Mannin. 7s. 6d. MOLLY LEPELL: LADY HERVEY. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. Illustrated. 15s. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD DRIFTER: The Life Story of Percy M. Clark of Victoria Falls. Foreword by Sir Herbert J. Stanley. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.

This England . . .

NOW IT IS that a passionate urge comes upon us to savour the "green life" once again. An urge that sends us roving on bridle-path and hillside, thankful with the birds that the drear dark days are safely overpast. And when, in that lovely lassitude a day outdoors bestows, our Worthington seems good above all beers, let us remember that it, too, is part of Nature's rhythm. Barley and hops from our own rich earth have made it—an elixir that runs like a golden thread through the homely pattern of our lives.

TWO HUNDRED NERVOUS FAMILIES

(Continued from page 366)

execute the more telling of their incursions on the Bourse, most times for political purposes.

The next most powerful families are the Mirabauds and the de Neuflizes, likewise bankers and Regents. Then come Monniers and Seillières, Demachys and de Wendels (Comité des Forges), Schneiders (Creusot's), and Rothschilds. All these, and others besides, possess the cachet of being members of one or more of such ultra-exclusive clubs as the Jockey, the Union, and the Artistic Union, while their *hôtels particuliers* in the Bois neighbourhood, together with their several châteaux round France have been thoroughly exposed for vulgar contemplation.

An extraordinary thing is the extent to which the dominant thirty families are interlocked by marriage or other relationship. Nothing—not even religion, much less bourgeois origin—seems to step in the way of marital union among these families, once their interest comes to be involved. Thus the Seillières have been terrific successes through their women, four daughters becoming a Talleyrand, a Sagan, a Hautpoul, a Gosse-Brissac. The Schneiders beat even that—a son marrying H.R.H. Princess Geneviève d'Orléans, and so becoming a cousin-by-marriage to the King of the Belgians. Perhaps even more remarkable—the de Wendels are married into nearly forty noble families.

It is a dizzying business trying to keep up with the relationships and activities of the dominant Thirty, let alone of the Two Hundred. All that can be said here of the former is that they have without any question contrived to accumulate the wealth of France in their hands.

Perhaps I gave a wrong impression in suggesting that the Two Hundred only slumber while the Regents act on their behalf. Many of the indicted Families boast members who are high executives in various fields. These are the stern faces, atop impeccable Parisian attire, that one catches sight of far back in sumptuous limousines, as their owners pass from board meeting to board meeting affecting the Suez and Cochin-China as easily as the Briey basin or the Phénix Insurance. For the Two Hundred are spread far, far afield in every clime.

Much of a salad they are, at times not unattractive, but a very French salad: we should not stand for their secreted half-nelson on the community for ten minutes, nor for their ostentatious bearing these show-down times. The Deauvillites and their kin must have done more than they suspect towards rousing a sentiment latterly endorsed by 70 per cent. of French people.

Yet the Two Hundred Families constitute the pivot of national charm, chic, and verve. Theirs are the last salons, the last subsidising of the arts, and often of the intellect—for recollect that these moneyed clans are permeated by some of the best of France's surviving unguillotined blood. It is not all debit with them, by any means. But they've been stupid, selfish, unseeing. You can't buy everybody all the time, which is the only way the Two Hundred could have hoped to get away with it indefinitely.

So what now?

The Two Hundred Families are waiting and seeing. What seems to be about to happen is this: the new Cabinet intends removing that occult manipulation of the government of the Republic by Money Power, which has been so flagrant and augmenting an abuse of the post-war years. A process of sterilisation is afoot rather than one of despoiling, of purification rather than "taking it out of" a tiny circle of opulence that has over-reached itself sillily to its own undoing.

CLOSE-UP: Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., and Florence Desmond before the camera at Warton Hall studios, where the Criterion Company is at present engaged in making the film, *Accused*. Sitting on the floor and instructing the players is Thornton Freeland, the ace American director who made *Flying Down to Rio*

THE COUNTRY AWAKES

(Continued from page 384)

is applied to the pipits; or rather this was perhaps more the case in former days, when the name was used indiscriminately—no distinction whatever being made between the various kinds of pipit, which actually consist of three separate species.

Not far from the tree pipit on his bush, but perched at a far greater elevation than he, is a cock greenfinch. He is well situated upon his branch. For all about him are leaves of a young oak tree in their dazzling brilliance of the early season. And these make a charming setting for the bird in his fine golden-green attire. He appears to be quite aware of his goodly appearance as he sits there contentedly chanting his unequal song which consists of strangely varying notes. Of these some are distinctly discordant, whilst others sound clear and sweet. The nest of the greenfinch is constructed with much good workmanship, and it is something of a work of art. The framework is fashioned of small roots and of twigs. Into this the required wool and moss is woven with considerable skill. And this then is lined with an eye to comfort—or even luxury—with finest moss and grasses, wool, and hair. The sites chosen by these birds vary a great deal, with perhaps some preference given to the thorny hedge.

Not far from here is a little copse, where suddenly a magpie comes into view, flying leisurely between the trees. His intentions may be entirely innocent, or, still more probably, quite the contrary. But he is not, in any case, given the benefit of the doubt. For immediately upon his appearance there is a tremendous outbreak of strident bird voices. Whereupon a pair of missel thrushes rush forth in frantic haste from some retreat; and without a second's delay they fling themselves upon this detested intruder of their own particular domain. The magpie is very nearly twice the size of his angry assailants. However the screaming furies care naught for that. They are determined to take no risks as regards his presence. And so with loudly protesting croaks the magpie, much to his disgust, after less than a minute's stay is forced to take his departure from the place. He therefore moves away—slowly and reluctantly—a magnificent figure—his long black tail with its bronze and blue reflections swaying gently as he sails along just above the green of the tree-tops.

These great thrushes are the possessors of a fine courage; indeed they are utterly fearless.

Muriel W. Haywood

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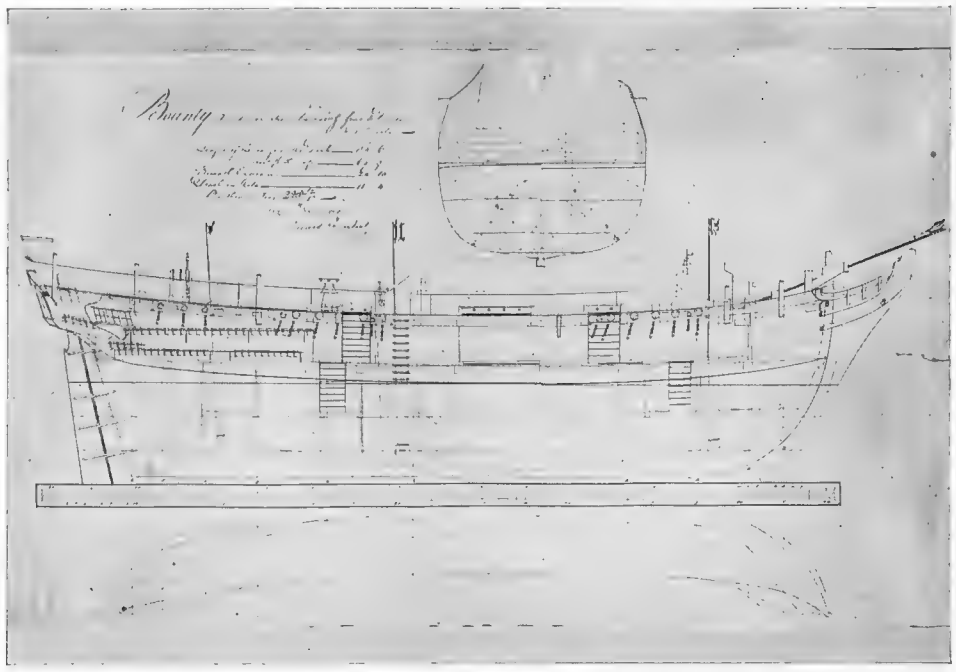


CRAMPED QUARTERS FOR WORLD VOYAGING: An authentic plan of the *Bounty* which, says our maritime correspondent, "shows how very different the vessel was from anything that has ever been portrayed either in art or on the screen. She was a ship of 220 tons, having a length of 84 ft., and very poor accommodation for officers and men." *On right*—Sectional plans showing the space allotted (see circles) for the carrying of the breadfruit plants which Lieutenant Bligh hoped to transport from the South Seas and establish in the West Indies

More Light on

THE "BOUNTY"

The Plans of the Famous Mutiny Ship

The film, Mutiny on the Bounty, which recently had such a success when first presented in London, aroused much interest in the story of Lieutenant Bligh and his voyage to the South Seas which ended so disastrously, and at the time THE SPHERE was able to reproduce a number of pictures and records relating to the historic incident. Since then there have come into our hands copies of the actual plans of the Bounty, and they are reproduced here by courtesy of the Admiralty Curator, Cornwall House, together with the following critical analysis by Frank C. Bowen, the well-known maritime journalist and author.

THESE plans are particularly important, because any detailed information of the minor vessels of the Royal Navy and Merchant Service in the late eighteenth century is very difficult to obtain.

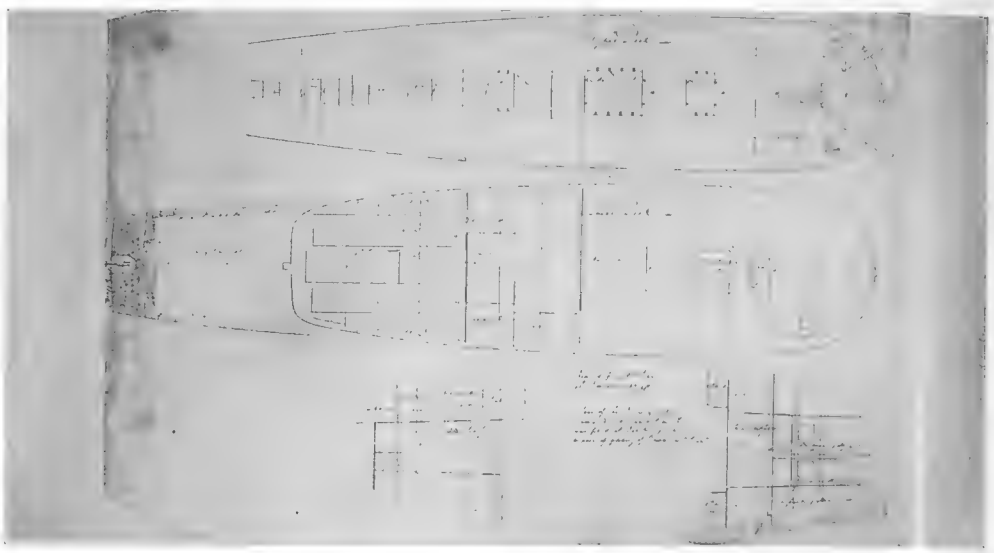
The *Bounty* was a well-built merchantman, although of small size, purchased by the Navy. From the profile plan it will be noticed that although they did not go to the expense of giving her a figurehead they cared for appearances to the extent of carrying quite a gracefully-curved stem forward of the true stem which had no pretensions to grace. She was built on the old "cod's-head and mackerel-tail" principle, that is to say with a bluff entry and quite fine stern lines, correct principles chanced upon by the old "rule-of-thumb" methods and confirmed by the latest scientific research.

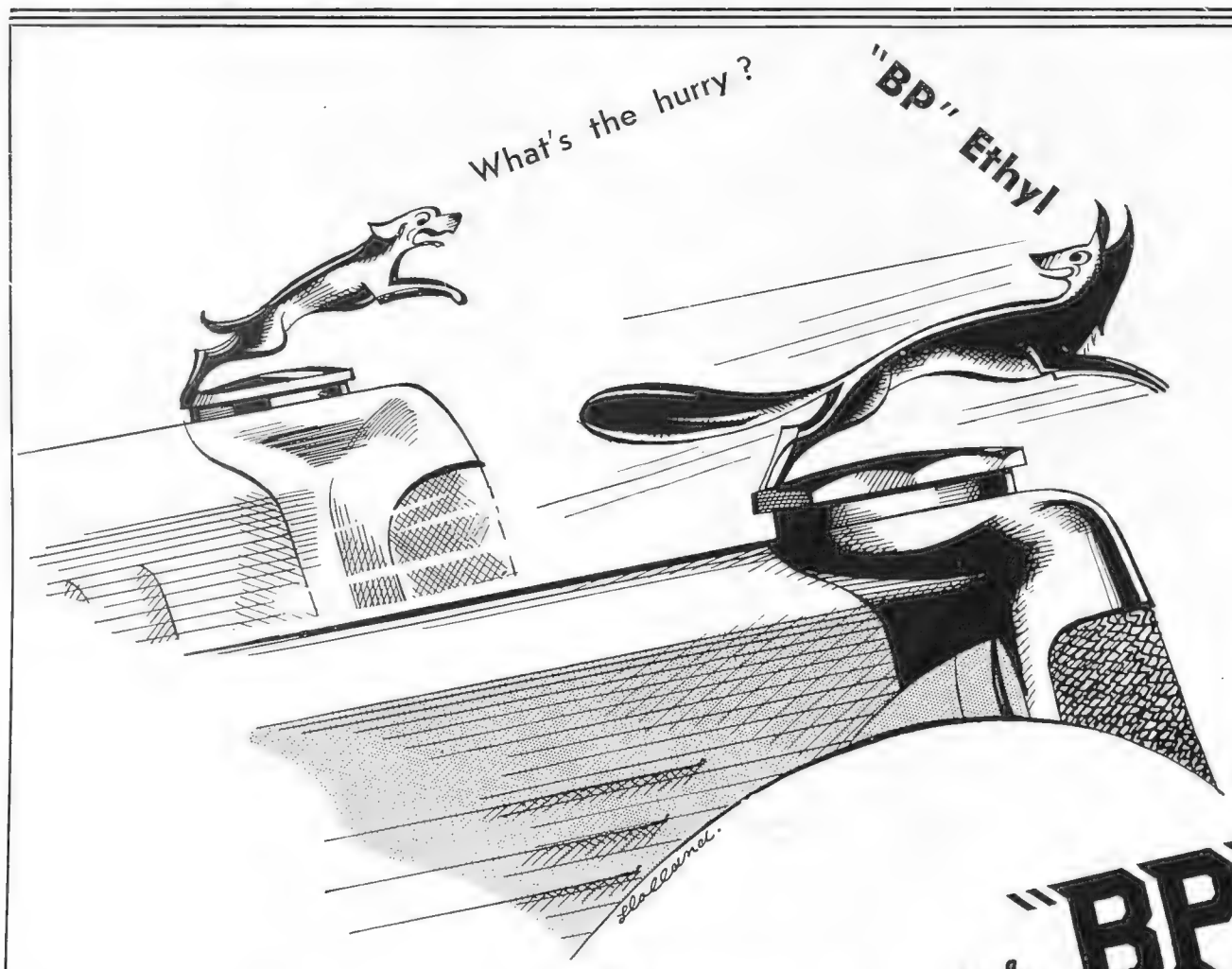
The body plan is particularly interesting in showing the remarkable resemblance of a very ordinary merchant ship of this period to Sir Joseph Isherwood's "Arcform" hull, which is the very latest scientific means of reducing the friction of a ship through the water.

The deck plans show her bluff bows excellently, and they also show how excessively uncomfortable she must have been for such a voyage as that to the South Seas on which she was sent.

On the other hand the captain's cabin, instead of being stowed away comfortably right aft, was pushed into very close proximity with the berthing space of the lower deck ratings and with an irascible, tactless man like Bligh, who could never overlook anything that he saw or heard, no matter how unimportant it might have been, this must have been a constant irritation to the men, who would naturally get very "nervy" in such circumstances. Incidentally it would not improve his own nerves. Officers and men are always best apart.

F. C. Bowen





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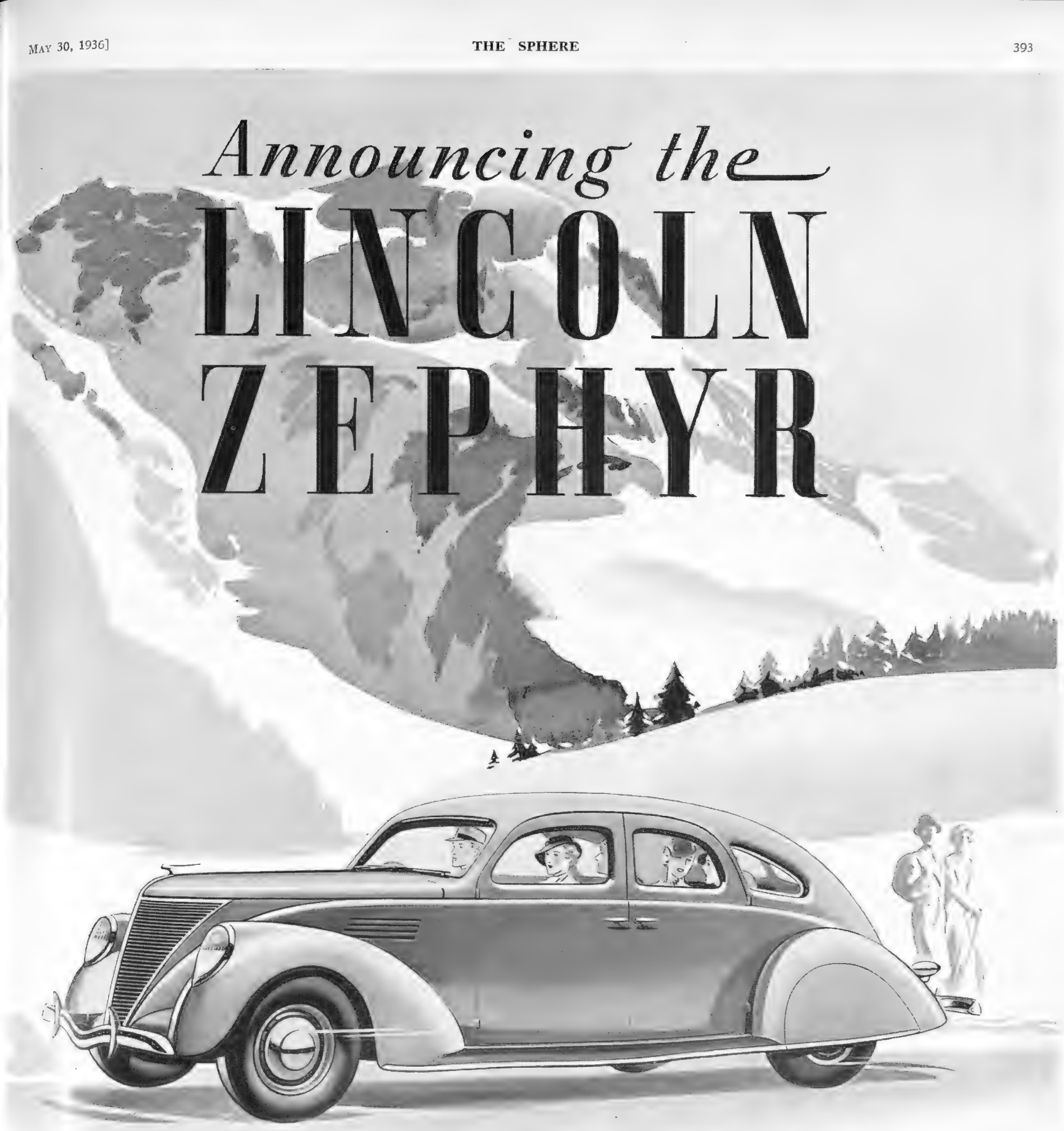

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YOUTH PORTRAITURE: "The Keeper's Son" (*left*), "The Hon. Julian Mond" (*centre*), and "Romany Boy" (*right*). Three examples of the art of Edward Seago, the promising young Norfolk artist whose exhibition of pictures, mostly with country life as their theme, is to be opened by Lord Melchett on Friday of next week (June 5) at the Alpine Club Gallery, Mill Street, London, W., and is to be held under the auspices of the Sporting Gallery. Mr. Seago, who is still in his twenties, has already had three highly successful "one man shows," and those who have followed his progress have seen how from year to year his work has grown both in power and maturity

CURRENT DRAMA (*Continued from page 386*)

with other women. When some such relationships cropped up, or, more correctly, descended on the play like an avalanche, she showed that her real views were different, and she did not hesitate to express them—again at great length.

It says much for Miss O'Regan's skill, as well as for her sincerity and charm, that this wife, so far from being exasperating, seemed at times about the only sane person on the stage.

The author, Mr. Alistair Rhind, has at present the two serious faults of overdrawing his character and being unable to spot a line which, intended to be serious, will inevitably provoke the wrong type of merriment. Since he has a sense of the stage and can write at times dialogue that is both logical and interesting I see no reason why, if he sheds the above faults, he should not write a play which will not only have some real ideas in it (instead of fumblings after near-Freud) but provoke the right type of merriment.

Mr. Rhind has been described as "a new author"; he, and all new authors, must realise that when once an audience adopts the wrong attitude it is almost impossible to get them to adopt the right one. None the less, I repeat that *Marriage Settlement* is a play of promise.

Mr. Ivan Samson was human and straightforward as the husband; but he had to encounter an impossible Delilah in the person of Miss Rosalinde Fuller. Miss Fuller was not to blame; she was overwhelmed by having to portray a super-super-vamp who was ridiculous instead of being seductive. Mr. Jack Allen's part was amusingly written and amazingly played.

Russian Ballet: "Coppelia"—It brought back memories of long-vanished nights to find *Coppelia* again being performed in Leicester Square.

This was, I think, the first ballet I ever saw—at the old Empire, with Genée as the *prima ballerina*. It was given last week at the Alhambra by the René Blum Monte Carlo company and, though on the long side, seemed to have about it almost the freshness of a novelty. Certainly this was a new version, but there was no ultra-modernity or *nouveau art* fussiness.

The scenery and costumes, designed by Douboujinsky, are both good in themselves and exactly in the period.

But the dancing is the main thing, of course, even if it is Delibes' music that makes this ballet live.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The ninety-third Annual Meeting of the Society will be held at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W., on Tuesday, June 9. H.H. Princess Marie Louise will preside and will present the prizes given by H.M. Queen Mary. Performances of Music, Dancing, Drill, Gymnastics, Singing, etc., will be given by the children from the Homes and Training Ship. Tickets for reserved seats at 2s. 6d. each may be obtained from the Society's Headquarters, at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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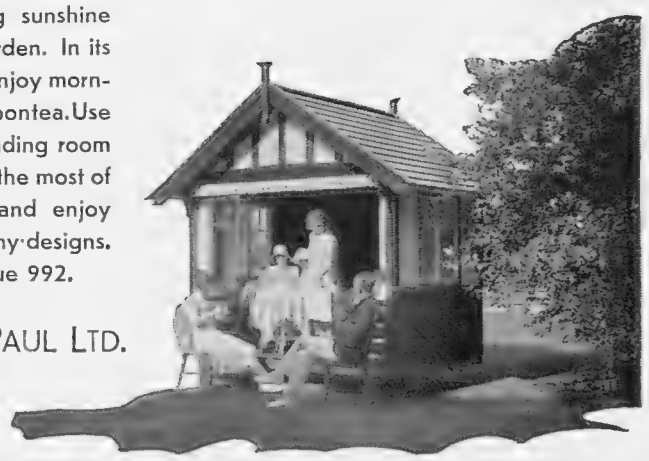

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NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

The French Riviera.—No one will pretend that sitting up all night in a second-class carriage is much fun, and the P.L.M. has done well to introduce second-class *couchette* sleeping accommodation on two of their southbound trains—the 8.45 p.m. from Paris to Marseilles, and the 8.55 p.m. from Paris to the Riviera. *Couchettes* are not, of course, so comfortable as sleeping car berths, but they do enable you to lie down at full length without being disturbed, which is a great blessing, and well worth the extra 50 francs they cost.

A Quicker Journey to Savoy.—In response to the growing popularity of the Savoyard Alps, the train service from London has been speeded up. One can now leave Victoria at 2 p.m. and reach Aix-les-Bains at 7.42 a.m. the next morning, or Chamonix–Mont Blanc at 12.30. There is a through coach from Calais, with first and second class *couchettes*.

Visiting the Loire Châteaux.—There are few pleasanter ways of spending a summer holiday than by combining a visit to Paris with a visit to Touraine and the Loire valley. The P.O.-Midi Railway is this year running a number of daily motor tours from Tours and Blois to visit all the more important châteaux, and a special reduction in the fares for these is granted to passengers booking return rail tickets from Paris to either of those towns. Paris itself has a widely varied range of attractions to offer visitors at present, organised under the general heading of "Fêtes de Paris," and these will be continuing up to July 14.

Hotels in Belgium.—The hallmark of a good hotel in Belgium is a shield which shows the Belgian lion surrounded by the national colours, and with a crown on top. It has on it the word "Hotel" in large letters, and is prominently affixed to the wall of all hostelries which conform to a certain (and very high) standard of comfort and cleanliness determined by Government statute. At most places in Belgium it is possible to get good accommodation at *en pension* terms ranging from 6s. 6d. per day, the exchange being at present favourable to English visitors. Next week's travel article, incidentally, will be on the Ardennes, one of Belgium's most picturesque regions.

The Delights of Madeira.—We are glad to be able to publish the following letter which we received the other day from a reader in Madeira:—

DEAR SIR,

Few English people seem to realise what Madeira holds out for those in search of a lovely climate all the year round.

Large numbers pass through on cruises for a few hours' stay, but they never grasp that one can live here cheaper than in England, and, while making it their home, they can visit England in the summer, travelling on the best liners at specially low rates, and thus spend at least a couple of months in the home country.

They imagine that because the Island is delightfully warm in winter, it must of necessity be unbearably hot in summer. This is not the case; summer differs by only 10 degrees from winter, hence its wonderful climate, unequalled, it is believed, in any part of the world, a mean average of 68 degrees.

Retired business men and others, whose Government service days are over, settle in England, and often cannot afford to go abroad in winter, but they have never thought of making Madeira their home, as I have done, while spending the summer in England at its best.

A Britisher living in Madeira is very lightly taxed, so much so that it may be said that for the same comfort you can live in Madeira for two-thirds of the cost in England.

I shall be happy to give any of your readers further particulars in this respect, as I feel that the most we who live out here can do is to tell others of this delightful place.

I would also tell those who wish to get first-hand information in London to apply to the Madeira Travel Bureau at Dorland House, 14, Lower Regent Street, S.W.1, as they have very up-to-date details of what a would-be resident here requires. They will tell you about house-rents and documents necessary to bring in your furniture duty free.

I am, yours truly,
CHARLES A. LE POER POWER.
Quinta da Vista Alegre,
Funchal, Madeira.

Speeding up the Service to South Africa.—The Union Castle Line's R.M.M.V. *Athlone Castle* started on her maiden voyage to South Africa on May 22.

Improvements on the French Railways—How to Spot Good Hotels in Belgium

Drawn by Percy Home

OLD-WORLD ROUEN: A picturesque timbered building in a winding street in the heart of the city

She is a sister ship to the already popular *Stirling Castle*, and is designed on attractive modern lines. As from next August, the time for the voyage between England and Capetown by these two ships, will be reduced from seventeen to fourteen days, and within three years that will be the standard time for the whole of the mail fleet.

The Amazon Cruise: A Correction.—In our issue of May 9 it was stated that the fares for the Booth Line's well-known cruise up the Amazon are £75, £80, £85. These apply to the next sailing, which is on June 5, but for the sailing of August 7 special summer fares of £60, £70, £75 will be in operation. These still include organised shore excursions.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

FRANCE.—A Holiday in Normandy and Brittany.

Thank you for your letter of May 18, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

Under separate cover we have sent you literature dealing with Normandy and Brittany. We suggest that you go direct to Rouen and stay for one or two days in this interesting old town, then take the coach to Caen via Caudebec, Honfleur, Trouville, and Cabourg: this is an exceedingly pleasant drive along the coast. You could then make Caen your centre for a few days. If you think Rouen and Caen would be too noisy, Caudebec would be the best place at which to stay, and you would get good walking.

As regards Brittany, a motor coach service runs from any of the above-mentioned places to Mont St. Michel which we are sure you will want to see, but we do not advise you to stay there as it is rather expensive. As you wish to walk, we think Dinard would be your best centre and the surrounding country is as good as anything you will find in Brittany. You could spend the day in St. Malo when you leave, getting the night boat from there to Southampton. There is, of course, a train service to all these places, but we have suggested the coach, as you would see more of the country.

Attached is a list of the hotels we suggest in each place; our experience is, however, that with the exception of the de luxe hotels, there is nothing to choose between them. When booking it would be advisable to mention that you will require a picnic lunch and ask for special terms.

List of Hotels:—

Rouen:		
Bordeaux	-	Frs. 34 to 47 per day inclusive.
Normandie	-	Frs. 35 per day inclusive.
Caudebec:		
Normandie	-	From Frs. 40 per day inclusive.
Caen:		
Centre et Victoire		Frs. 35 to 45 per day inclusive.
Dinard:		
Chic	-	Frs. 25 to 35 per day inclusive.
Emeraude	-	Frs. 30 to 35 per day inclusive.
De la Mer	-	Frs. 38 to 90 per day inclusive.

[Ref: E.B. 43. May 21]

Provence:

Thank you for your letter of May 15, and we are glad to hear that our suggestions in the past have proved useful.

We are not quite clear if you are going to stay in Avignon again, but if you are, we think you would like the Crillon hotel where the terms are from 50 to 80 francs inclusive, or if you would like a somewhat smaller and cheaper hotel, we suggest the Midi, where you could stay for 45 francs per day inclusive.

On the other hand, perhaps you would like to stay at Orange, which is somewhat quieter than Avignon and a very charming little place, interesting archæologically and a centre from which to make delightful excursions. The Hôtel de la Poste et des Princes is the best hotel and the terms are from 50 to 80 francs per day inclusive. We can also recommend the Modern hotel which charges from 30 to 50 francs per day.

We enclose a leaflet on Orange giving some general information; unfortunately there is no other literature available. [Ref.: E.B. 41. May 19.]

SWITZERLAND—Pensions and Hotels:

It is rather difficult to recommend pensions in Switzerland as there are so many of them and they all maintain a good standard of comfort. We are informed that the Walhalla at Lucerne should suit your requirements and the Beau-Rivage at Thun, and you could arrange for your accommodation and meals as required.

We do not think you would find it cheaper to live outside these centres, as prices tend to increase in proportion, owing to the question of transport.

Under separate cover we have sent you a guide to the Swiss hotels and some pamphlets dealing with Lakes Thun and Lucerne. You will notice that the prices are standard practically everywhere. [Ref: E.R. 18. April 23.]

A SPRINGTIME CUSTOM IN HUNGARY when after morning service the village priest, attended by his congregation, goes out and blesses the fields. A charming little pamphlet describing peasant life has just been produced by the Hungarian National Council of Tourist Traffic

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, will be promptly answered.

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS

IN THE SUNNIEST POSITION ON THE SEA FRONT

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of three acres. Excellent cooking. Every comfort. Fully licensed. Bedrooms with balconies and electric fires. Hot and cold water throughout. Own garage for 30 cars—with private lock-ups. Telephone 40.

An Early Holiday?

. . . then Bude! A Cornish summer at its best. Prices lower. Long hours of glorious Atlantic sunshine . . . golf, tennis, motoring, fishing (trout), surf-riding, shooting. Surely the realisation of your holiday-ideal when allied to the comfort and amenities of a very first-class hotel.

THE GRENVILLE HOTEL, BUDE

Second to none in Cornwall.
Brochure with pleasure from the Management.

CARLYON BAY—South Cornwall's New Sporting Resort.

Mean Winter temperature within 1° of Cannes.

Golf. Covered and Open-Air Tennis. Squash Rackets. Hunting (3 Packs). Shooting. Fishing. Badminton.

GLORIOUS SEA COAST.

THE CARLYON BAY HOTEL
(St. Austell Bay Hotel)
THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL
THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB
THE CARLYON BAY GOLF CLUB

Also a few small modern furnished houses, commanding magnificent sea views, to be let.

For full particulars apply to Dept. S, General Offices, Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198; or to London Office, 12A, Charterhouse Sq., E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

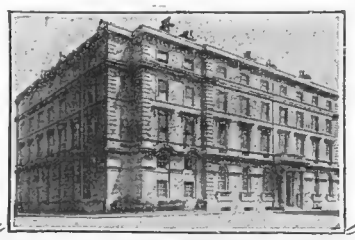
THE GRAND HOTEL
CROMER

faces the sea on the West Cliff. It has suites with private bathrooms, hot and cold water in all bedrooms, hard tennis courts, ballroom, billiards, cocktail bar and large motor garage, with private lock-ups.

Phone: Cromer 24 *Apply Manager.*

LORD WARDEN HOTEL
DOVER

Adjoins landing stage for Continental Steamers. Comfortably appointed. Large



Garage. Most convenient for motorists.

Telegrams: "Warden, Dover."

Telephone: Dover 413.

SEE DEVON

—as it is by car! And as it was at the

Royal Clarence Hotel
A.A. **EXETER** R.A.C.

. . . your first stopping place from London. A beautiful old Coaching House, whose walls reckon history in generations. Its comfort, its kitchens and its cellar spell solace to the weary traveller. Lift to all floors . . . running water. *Telephone: 4071-2. Telegrams: Royal Clarence, Exeter.* PLEASE WRITE FOR TARIFF AND ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

FOLKESTONE—PRINCES' HOTEL

A.A. R.A.C. Quiet position adjoining Pleasure Gardens. Lift all floors. Softened Water. Garage 100 yards. Private Suites and Rooms with Bath Room attached.

TARIFF 16/6 to 25/- DAILY.

FULLY LICENSED. 'Phone: 2666 (2 lines.)

The
CAIRN HYDRO HARROGATE

First Class Hotel with Accommodation for 300 Visitors, and a Full Suite of Medical Baths. Dancing every evening.

Tennis.
Golf Course 5 mins. away.

Telegrams: "CAIRN"
Telephone: 4005 (5 lines).

In Quest o

Two to Note on the Sou bourne and t

EASTBOURNE, to my mind, is the best planned seaside town in the British Isles—and it was planned long before town-planning Acts were ever thought of. Broad, tree-lined streets, wide promenades, a clean front with flower beds that are a blaze of colour by day and a glittering array of fairy lights by night. Eastbourne is famous, too, for its sheltering Downs and Beachy Head, its high-class shops and, perhaps because it is such a health-giving spot, for its attractive women. But that is another story!

Reverting to my weekly quest, it would appear almost unnecessary to visit Eastbourne in search of good hotels—there are many, and I thought I knew them all. But there is one that I had never visited until the other week. It is hidden from the eye when motoring or walking along the front and its visitors revel in its very seclusion.

It ensures freedom from the noise and turmoil of passing traffic; it is not three minutes' walk from the promenade; from the front balconies and lawns there is an uninterrupted view of the English Channel and Beachy Head, and at the same time it has all the advantages of bracing sea air unpolluted by dust.

It is really rather interesting to note what an amazing difference it does make being just these few yards off the beaten track, for as a result there is little or none of the "in and out" luncheon and dinner trade occasioned by passing motorists. Few people come in just for bed and breakfast.

Nearly everybody who knows the Hydro Hotel, originally heard of it from somebody who knew somebody! Gossip, it is true, but valuable gossip to all concerned when worth-while hotels are the subject.

To reach the Hydro Hotel, Eastbourne, the easiest way is to continue along the front, past the Wish Tower towards Beachy Head, bear right up the slope where the front seems to divide, and a few yards up on the left-hand side of St. John's Road you will find the entrance to the hotel.

Those who stay there do certainly enjoy a grandstand position, and whilst most people would naturally prefer a balcony room on the first floor I should be quite happy in any bedroom there, as they are as clean and gay as the air and sunshine outside.

The name Hydro Hotel is rather a relic of the past, before the days of realisation that the natural tonic air and sunshine of Eastbourne were the best cures in the world. There are no hydropathic baths there now, which has proved a distinct advantage to the younger generation as a plunge bath has superseded them, and what a joy this plunge is after a hard game of tennis on the En-tout-cas and grass courts in the three acres of the hotel grounds.

SELSDON PARK HOTEL
SANDERSTEAD SURREY

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

A DE LUXE HOTEL AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.
Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths

Illustrated brochure free on request.

A Good Address

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London, directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy at the

ALEXANDRA HOTEL
HYDE PARK CORNER, LONDON, S.W.1

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Garage adjacent. Telephone: SLOane 4521 (10 lines)

LET'S HAVE A CHANGE!

Let's have a peaceful, quiet holiday, away from the crowds. But where shall we go? Why not to a hotel, a really comfortable hotel, in or around Surrey? Beautiful country, bracing climate, excellent food, fine wines, central heating, hot and cold water in most bedrooms—you will find all this and more at the hotels owned by Catering Houses Ltd. Each has its own special attractions, and each is near some of the grandest golf and race courses in Britain.

For full information of this group of most comfortable hotels, write to the Secretary, CATERING HOUSES LTD., *3c, Quarry Street, Guildford.*

● *These hotels include:—*

ROYAL ASCOT HOTEL, ASCOT.
HOSKINS ARMS HOTEL, OXTED.
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HOGS BACK HOTEL, SEALE.
And Others.

CATERING HOUSES LTD

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Coast: The Hydro at Eastbourne and the Sackville at Bexhill

High banks of evergreen and a sheltered verandah shelter the grounds on the land side from wind, and it has to be a bad day indeed to drive the visitors to the Hydro within.

But no hotel can thrive merely on location and amenities. The "inner man" or "woman" would quickly rebel. Their chef is one of the Hydro's best advertisements. He is provided with the best, and gives of the best, and the food is so cleverly varied that you can never tell the day of the week by a glance at the menu.

I must say that I was very impressed with the type of people who were staying at the Hydro Hotel; all ages seemed to be represented, and my only regret was that time did not permit of my staying for the dance that evening in their very palatial ballroom.

From Eastbourne I took the opportunity another day of running over to Bexhill along that fine concrete speed-track which traverses Pevensey Marsh, to pay a long-promised visit to the Sackville Hotel, which is one of the Frederick Hotels group.

I naturally did not expect anything so majestic as the Majestic at Harrogate, but in proportion to size I at once sensed a family relationship.

Built a number of years ago, when first-class hotels in this country had not even thought of those luxuries which are looked upon to-day as necessities, the Sackville has been cleverly modernised to keep abreast of the times. I was immensely struck at the size and good-looking appearance of the principal lounge, with its large windows overlooking the sea.

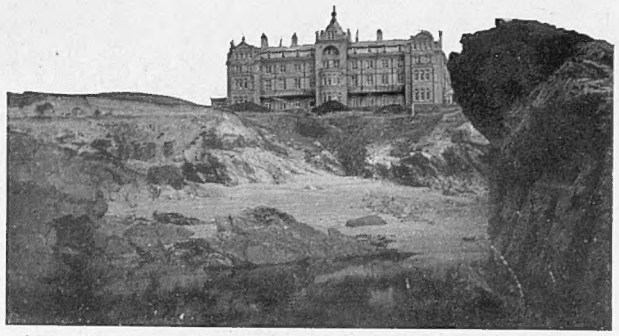
Although it was presumed to be one of their quiet periods some eighty people were staying in the hotel, and seemed to be staying very comfortably judging by the fresh lobsters which were the *pièce de résistance* of a very varied and excellent lunch menu.

Another point which struck me—and I had noted it before in other Frederick Hotels—was the comprehensiveness of the wine list. Every known brand of champagne, brandy, sherry, port, and so on seemed to be listed, so if "variety is the spice of life" I should judge that there was plenty of life to be obtained at the Sackville.

Upstairs I visited many of the suites and rooms, with and without private baths; many faced the sea, and all seemed to capture the sun. Modern bedsteads had, for the most part, superseded the old-fashioned type, and of course, there was hot and cold water everywhere.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

HEADLAND NEWQUAY



If you want a perfect holiday this year, write now for our new Book of photographic studies. It will convince you in pictures what no one could describe in words! 120 Bedrooms to choose from, all with Sea Views, or Private Suites. Black and Silver Ballroom—Philip Brown's Band. Terms from **5 Gns.** a week, May and June.
Telephone: NEWQUAY 511 (3 lines). *Telegrams: "HEADLAND, NEWQUAY."*

LLANDUDNO · ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL
(FULLY LICENSED)
Most centrally situated Hotel in Llandudno. Covered Terrace facing Sea. Orchestra plays daily during Season. Garage for 60 cars on premises. Excellent cuisine. Moderate tariff. Hot and cold water in all rooms. Tariff and full particulars can be had on application to S. Greame Horspool, Manager. Telephone 6257.

George last year spent his holiday in the Mediterranean and returned just like a wet rag!

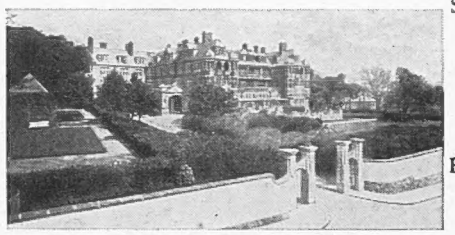
This year he will return fit to push a bus over after a really bracing holiday at the

Sheringham Hotel, Norfolk

A real Holiday Hotel. Fine Ballroom. Dancing Hostess and First-class Band in Season. Cocktail Lounge. Bathing. Gardens. Golf. Every Amenity and Service. Telephone: Sheringham 3.

WEDDING RECEPTIONS
and other Social Functions
21, PONT STREET, S.W.
adjoining the Cadogan Hotel
Reception Rooms, Newly Decorated and Refurnished
Sloane 7141 *Car Park*

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH
Fully Licensed
First-class, overlooking Sea, Marine Shelter. Running Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms.

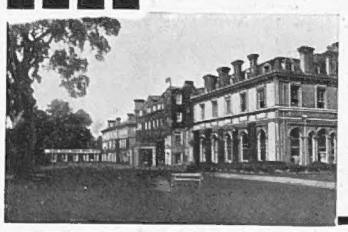


Self-contained Suites
Billiards
Lift
Lock-up Garages
R.A.C. **A.A.**
Telephone 11

BIG OCCASIONS.—Apart from Southport's permanent attractions both in and out of doors, there is nearly always something special on to justify a celebration, and where better celebrated than at the
PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL
THE HUB OF SOCIAL SOUTHPORT
7 golf courses, countless cinemas, theatres, clubs, concerts . . . and at the week-end a glorious crescendo of activity culminating in the Saturday night dance at the Prince. Write to H. Gascoigne for details. Telephones: 4131.

HASTINGS—QUEEN'S HOTEL
Leading and Best
Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.
Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.
Terms from **15/-** daily.
Telephone: Hastings 201. *Telegrams: "Queens, Hastings."*

THE SPA HOTEL
TUNBRIDGE WELLS
Spring-Time at Tunbridge Wells



There is something very delightful about Tunbridge Wells—a Town which moves with the times yet never gets out of tune with nature. Its Commons, its Pantiles, its Shops . . . always bright, clean and attractive. And at THE SPA HOTEL there is that solid comfort which is so expressive of Tunbridge Wells as a whole. This delightful Hotel faces the Commons and is set in sixty acres of Parkland, 400 ft. up. It caters for those who appreciate the good things of life, be they old or young. If you will write to S. Hancock, The Resident Director, he will be pleased to tell you how they can cater for you. The Telephone Number is Tunbridge Wells 1911.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL BRIDLINGTON

ROYAL HOTEL
OWESTOFT

Royal in name and style these two Hotels symbolise the cult of good food and service, of peace and relaxation—a remedy to the pace of modern life.

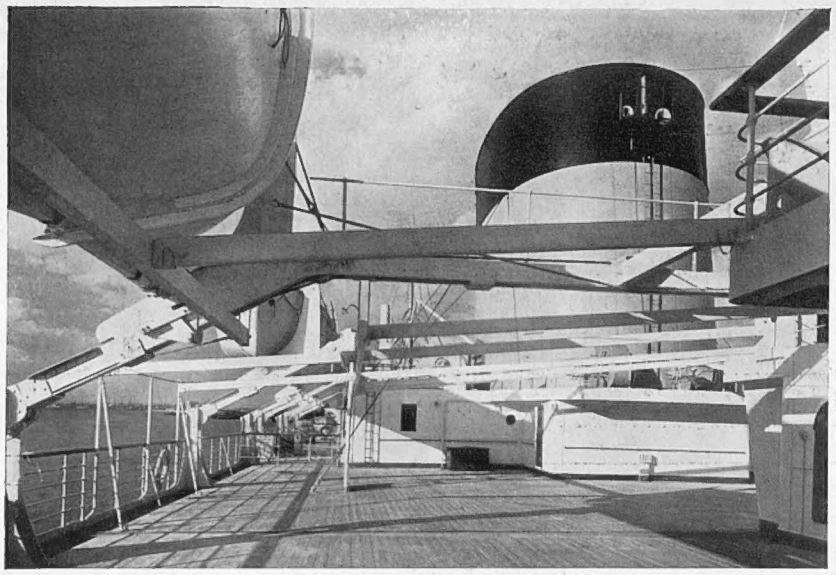
Under the direction of W. Hatje

A card to either Hotel will bring brochures by return.

WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA Essex

The Londoner's Popular Health Resort. Highly Recommended by the Medical Profession. Specially suitable for City Gentlemen and Residents. Good Golf Courses within Easy Reach.

PREMIER for POSITION and COMFORT
WESTCLIFF HOTEL
Resident Proprietor: W. J. Hockley.
Write for Brochure or Telephone 4198.



BOAT-DECK OF THE "ATHLONE CASTLE," the 25,000-ton liner of the Union-Castle fleet, which started her maiden voyage to South Africa on Friday of last week. *On left*—Interior of a cabin de luxe—a picture epitomising the luxury of the new vessel

CONSULS AND THEIR LITTLE KINGDOMS (*Cont. from page* 381)

created. One is at Innsbruck—largely for political purposes. The other is at Reykjavik in Iceland. Its creation—or rather, revival, because there was a Consulate there during the war—is due to the Scottish trawlers which, I am sorry to say, frequently poach (no doubt unintentionally) in the cod grounds and get into trouble.

So far I have not stressed the political side of the Consul's duties. It is not of great importance except in particular areas. Zagreb would be a case in point. Here the Consul can learn and report on any Croatian unrest which the Minister in Belgrade would only hear about in the ordinary way through Serbian channels. In France and the United States, for example, the political side is more or less unimportant. But all Consuls in special places have special jobs. I do not know how many broken English gamblers have been given their viaticum by Mr. Wiseman Keogh during his fifty years of being Consul-General at Nice—a job which involves supervision of the Vice-Consulates at Monte Carlo and Cannes.

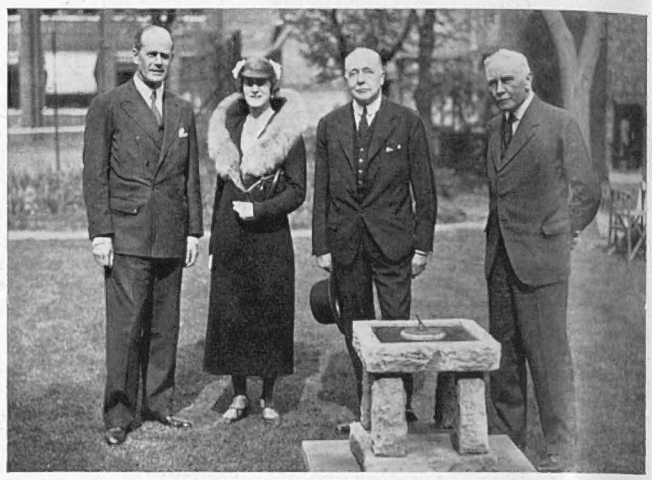
Of peculiar duties that Consuls and Vice-Consuls have performed, I know of two cases personally. My uncle, the late Sir Robert Graves, K.C.M.G., saved Venizelos from an infuriated mob in Crete some thirty or forty years ago. His son, my cousin Gerald, was the youthful Vice-Consul at Corfu who went out in a row-boat to the Italian Fleet and gave them hell for bombarding part of the island. In the name of the King, whom he represented as Vice-Consul, he told the Admiral to "cease fire" immediately. He did. That was in 1923. You may remember the incident. Arthur Abbott, our Consul in San Paulo, has frequently acted as host to political refugees. On at least one occasion the President of the local State has sheltered under his roof.

D.B.S.—distressed British subjects—are, of course, routine stuff everywhere for British Consuls, who become expert at weeding them out. At one post, where crooks were rife, the Consul had an arrangement whereby, in answer to a certain question from him, a member of the staff would bring in an imposing-looking file with the top letter from Scotland Yard and hand it to the Consul in a furtive and exciting way. It often worked—and worked quick. One pompous gentleman made a grab for his passport, pushed the clerk over, and tore out of the door and down the street in a cloud of dust.

Every possible sort of question is put to a Consul, and he rather prides himself on being able to answer almost all. You can imagine the delight of the Consul in a certain large city in America when a reporter of the largest and most anti-British newspaper telephoned for information about Albania. "But Albania is not British" said the Consul. "I know that" said the reporter. "But we have a note from the news editor that if we are ever stuck in a question, we should try the British Consulate." In Hollywood the Vice-Consul has an endless time with the talkie research department which telephones almost hourly with such enquiries as "How many steps are there on the north side of Waterloo Bridge?"

It has been said with truth that in the course of a very few years a British Consul can be expected to do the work of doctor, priest, sailor, statesman, pawnbroker, detective, obstetrician (yes!), author, teacher, judge, actor, and clergyman. Whenever British subjects abroad are in trouble you will always find that there is a British Vice-Consul or Consul in the vicinity. When those English boys died in that blizzard in the Black Forest it was the British Vice-Consul who was first on the scene.

Well, there you are. Every year the Consular service renders more valuable service to British trade. Every year the Diplomatic service becomes more democratic, and the Consular service improves its status.



A NOTABLE QUARTETTE: Mr. Rowntree, chairman of the Medical Committee; Lady Milne, chairman of the Ladies' Association; the Earl of Granard, the hospital's president; and Field-Marshal Lord Milne, chairman of the House Committee. Four ardent workers on behalf of the Royal Cancer Hospital in Fulham Road

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.
Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."
Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.
Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.
Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. Swimming pool. First-class residential hotel. Own private huts on the beach. Moderate.
Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class. 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel DuRhin. Rms. fr. Frs. 25. Entir. renov.
Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment. Phone in every room.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.
Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.
Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.
Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.
Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.
Bad-Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.
Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11
Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1936.
Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.
Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.
Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.
Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.
Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.
Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.
Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. fr. Mks. 8.
Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pens. fr. Marks 11.
Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (4 seasons).—Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. the Kurhaus, Opera & Parks. Pens. fr. RM. 12.
Wiesbaden.—Grand Hotel Kaiserhof.—300 beds. 1st class in quietest position in own large Park. Thermal Water. Swmg.-pool. Carl König.
Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.
Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

HOLLAND.

Amsterdam.—Amstel Hotel.—First class. Splendid situation. Rooms including Dutch breakfast from Fl. 4.50 upwards.
Amsterdam.—Bracks Doelen Hotel.—First class, quiet location, 120 beds, 40 bathrooms. From Fl. 4–5, including breakfast.
Amsterdam.—Hotel de l'Europe.—First class. 120 rooms, 40 bathrooms. Rooms from Fl. 4.50 (breakfast included).
Noordwijk.—Grand Hotel Huis Ter Duin.—500 beds. Best position facing sea. Golf, tennis, sunbathing, beautiful beach.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois).—On the Rhine. Rooms from Fr. 6.
Geneva.—La Residence.—First-class Resid. All comf. Spl. Roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake & mountains. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.
Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.
Lausanne.—Hotel Byron.—Modrn; all Cmfts. H. & C. water. Pte. baths. Well-kwn for its ex. cuisine. Diet. Fm. £4 10s. incl. bath & service.
Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake, next door to Casino. First class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.
Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms Pte. sun & lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Grge.
Lucerne.—Grand Hotel Europe.—The popular first class hotel with moderate prices.
Lucerne.—Palace Hotel.—Finest situation right on lake-front, quiet yet central. Pension from Frs. 15.
Lugano.—Grd. Hotel Eden.—Latest comfort, evry rm. fcg. lake, wkly trms "all in" S.Fr. 98. Smehse The Beau-Rivage "all in" wkly S.Fr. 90.
Weggis (L. of Lucerne).—Park Hotel Bellevue.—The leading hotel of Weggis, magnificent location, next to bathing beach. Pens. from Frs. 11.
Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The Hotels Seiler.**—Comfortable and homely hotels with 1,000 beds. Pension rate from 8.50, 9.50 and 11.50 frs. up.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Abingdon.—The Crown & Thistle (Oxford 6 miles)
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. 'Phone 3235–6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Sackville Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands Private Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Carlton Hotel. 'Phone 656.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bridlington.—Alexandra Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Dover.—Lord Warden Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exford, nr. Minehead.—Crown Hotel. 'Phone 43.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Folkestone.—Royal Pavilion Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes' Hotel.
Guildford.—Tangley Hall. Tel. Shalford 179.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel. Tel. 3015-3016.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
Leamington Spa.—Regent Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Lowestoft.—Royal Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Middleton-on-Sea.—Southdean Hotel. Tel. 8.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Shaldon (Sth Devon).—Undercliff Hotel.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
St. Leonards.—Adelphi Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. 'Phone 2671.
Tavistock (Devon).—Bedford Hotel. Tel. 37.
Tewkesbury, Gloucester.—Royal Hop Pole Htl.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—Westcliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel.

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Alexandra Hotel. Tel. Sloane 4521.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel. S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.

SCOTLAND

Connel Ferry.—Falls of Lora Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Oban (Western Highlands).—The Station Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Onich (North Ballachulish).—Creagdhu Hotel.
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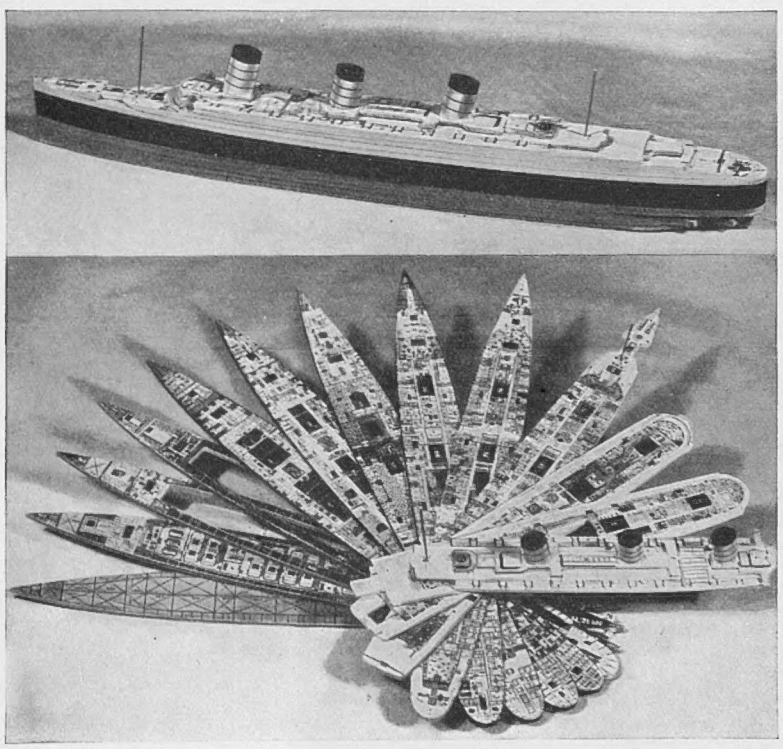

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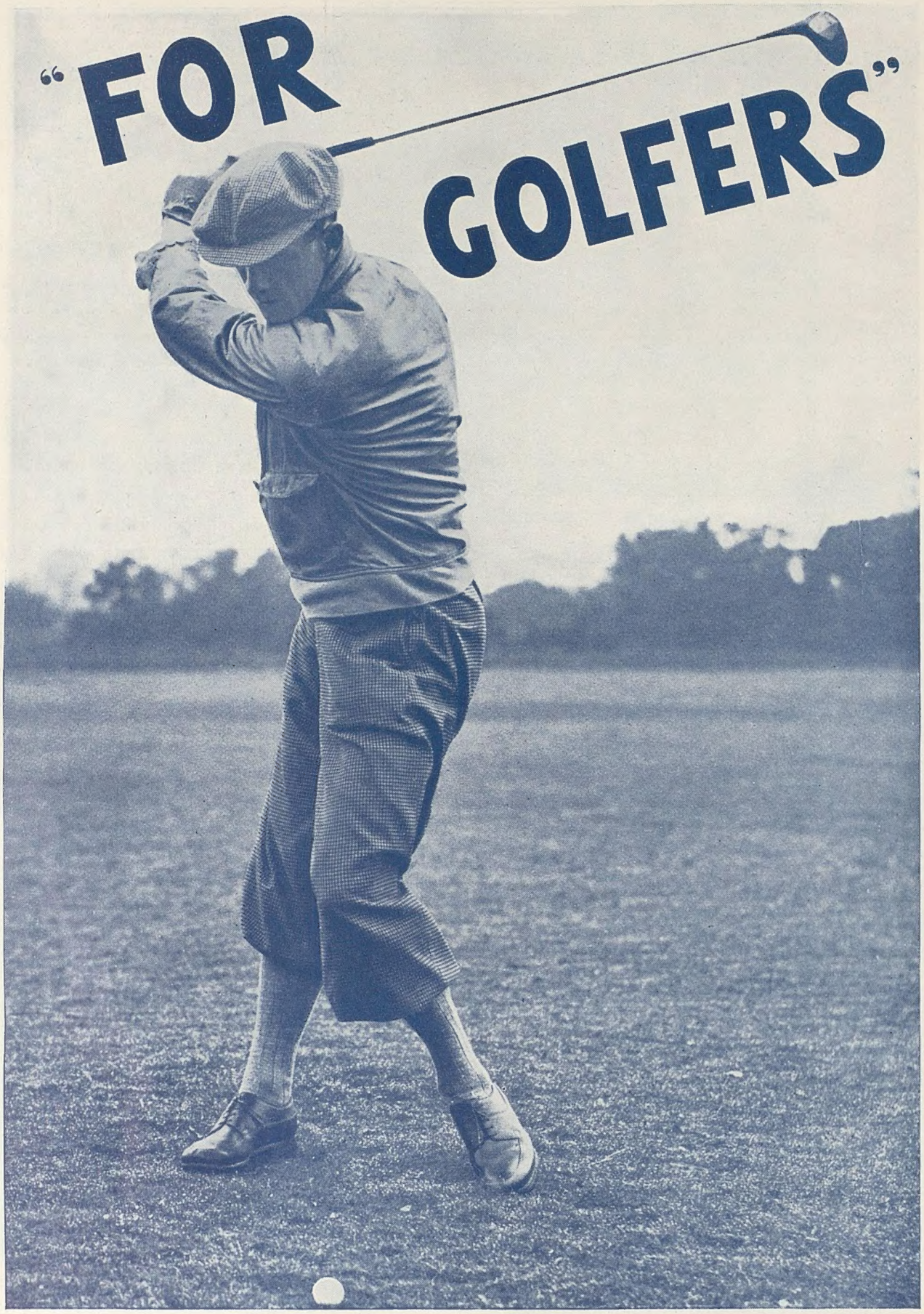

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